

Original.

## CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT is often inculcated upon us, and never more frequently than when we are suffering under the pressure of accumulated evils. That we should submit to the consequences of our own ill course of imprudence, indiscretion or impatience, is but proper, as to the thing itself. That we should resign ourselves to inevitable evils, and most of all, that we should acquiesce in the decisions of Providence, is claimed at our hands both as an act of piety, and of common sense.

Perhaps we may do all this, and yet not be *essentially contented*. That we are placid and resigned under annoying, nay, distressing circumstances; that we neither cherish nor indulge the thick-gathering humors of bile or of passion; that we make no resolve against our own self-possession, is, perhaps, as much as can immediately and at once be expected from the victim of disappointment and chagrin. And it is only those who have never suffered, or never suffered alike, the accumulated evils that follow in the train of adversity, who will urge the hard condition upon us.

What is contentment? It is the satisfaction of our nature in her own proper enjoyments. And what is our nature? Firstly, most immediately and imperatively, it is the claimings of physical existence—of food and raiment and habitation, and so much of ease as exonerates us from continual, and fatiguing and disagreeable employments: these, as superadded to the common gifts of health, sanity of mind, capacity of advancement, &c. Next come the cravings of the moral sense, including the social, (which, indeed, is a half mixed principle of the former classification,) with friendship and fair appreciation as manifested by acts; and participation in all proprieties of intercourse, the interchanges of regard and beneficence, as also the equal dealing of business, and of the eligible and the expedient, without let or hindrance. Even leaving out the refinements of taste, which nevertheless do either thrill with delight, or grate harshly upon those chords near and about our hearts, with yet some more extended influence upon our mental perceptions also; either aggravating our sense of evil, or else inducing and affording a larger harmony of contentment. And the yet full demanding of an intellectuality, which at every accession of light, gives us substantially and vitally, a keener perception of whatever destitution exists within and about us.

Under circumstances of disaster, the accumulated evils of our manifold being throbbing in our nerves, beating in our hearts, and glancing its lightning rays athwart our mind, pointed as it is by the index of a self-love inwoven with all; it shall not seem surprising to any one, or of any one, competent to entertain the whole idea, that with the light of truth in our bosom, upon these conditions only, that we disclaim to name our suffering and our philosophy, by the blessed name of contentment. A name which is of regeneration—a name which, in its advent of peace, has no other sponsor than that of Jesus Christ the holy—the mediator

betwixt us and our God—who alone is able to “hide us away in the day of his wrath,” and can cause all the griefs of “this present evil life,” to seem to us as if “they were not.”

C. M. B.

Original.

# DESULTORY REFLECTIONS;

OR, A WALK THROUGH THE CITY.

How much, both of humanity and of life, is to be seen even in the course of an idle stroll through a city. Being rather out of humor at some vexations and annoyances, and in that low state when our firmness succumbs to the despot of *spleen*, we were fain to solace ourself, as best we might, with a walk; and being in a frame requiring rather amusement and recreation than seeking for the edification of thought, or the delectation of outward nature, we sought not the campaign or the hills, but shaped our course city-ward, hoping, in the face and action of humanity, to beguile if not to dissipate our chagrin.

Nor did we miscalculate; for we had soon outwalked our vexations, or forgotten them, and merged *self* in the all-absorbing mass about us; in which sympathy or visibility, or revulsion, took note and comment of the individuals presented in the moving panorama before us. We should notice that in our access to the city, we take water, and the ferry-boat conveys us across the Ohio. And here our speculations commenced. We know that the rule of this order of things is precise and peremptory—more so than in matters of more considerable interest it were convenient to be. The power exercised by the one party is not disputed by the other—the four or five minutes of waiting prescribed by the *law*, is never extended—no, not if the king, or even John Tyler himself were there. And now behold the aspirants, who, by the way, are all running *down* hill to the boat. Here are two youngsters of sixteen. They doubt not, though at a good distance, and though the first puff of steam announces readiness, that their long-jumping step of four feet each one, will insure them success; and here they are on the deck, and time to spare. They have left behind them loungers, mincers, ladies, and children. See the formal gentleman, too nice or too proud to accelerate his step for any imposed rule—he makes not good headway, nor *ever has*. But that indolent, fat, dont-care person on the left, just saves himself. Good luck, the genius of the good-for-nothing, befriends him, when he *dont* miss his chance in life; and when he *does*, he has too little sensibility and almost too little observation to notice it, and thence the adage that “good luck and a little wit will do.” And here come two ladies “and a woman.” The latter gets on very well; but the former were too delicate, i. e., too genteel to overcome the difficulties of haste and the ruggedness of the way, together with the drove of beeves to be passed in reaching the boat, and being “neither decided nor undecided,” they lose, or rather waste their opportunity, and bide the chance of another trip, and some ten or fifteen minutes detention; but what of that? did not all the spectators write them “ladies?”—though the spectators, we would observe, as in many larger concerns, were too much engrossed with their own concerns and their own progress to take much note of them. Next came an old lady, who, having her grandson, an urchin of four years, by the hand,

has been really impeded, and has missed the boat, because she could not conveniently reach it; but her equanimity seems unimpaired, and of habit—the little hindrance will no doubt suggest some salutary reflection, and the mouthful of fresh air will do her good. Not so with the three hoyden school girls, whose haste was beyond decorum, and whose chagrin at “missing by only four feet,” is not yet consoled, or concealed, or *hushed*—as if four feet were not as distinct a hindrance, if a hindrance at all, as the whole width of the river! Yet such is often the logic of others than school girls. But mark the youngster of ten years, who has bounded from the top of the hill at full speed, taking no inspiration of breath, and arrives in “hot haste” just as the boat is beyond a leap. This he had at first designed, but by discretive impulse he checks the jump, and turning away from the jeering laugh of the boat boys, faces the spectators on the shore, and the old Dutchman, who, making a comical eye, says, “You lost your luck.” But my fine boy plucks up his head, and with a half blush and a disclaiming laugh, says, “Never mind, I’ll go next time”—a spicery of the future man. If he is balked, he will not be discouraged—if he lose his chance, he’ll not lose his temper.

Some more hints of character, or of pretension, we shall collect from those on the shore. There is erected on the platform a rough shed for transient shelter to passengers awaiting the boat between trips; and here you shall see many fine-lady airs, and a despising of this shelter, even in inclement weather, signifying that so rude a place is not to be endured, and is quite unworthy of *their* august presence, &c. But this, we know, is all affectation. A very little judgment would show them that the roughest shed that shelters the head from the assaults of the weather, stands far more than half way betwixt the most elaborate palace ever built, and *none at all*—in the *true sense of a house*. And how many millions of our fellow beings experience the advantage of this position! But of our boat-shed. We shall see that the really delicate lady, who comes in a carriage and pair, takes her seat here quietly as a matter of course.

Sometimes we take a peep from the deck above, when a drove of beeves are to be forced into the boat. How reluctant are the poor beasts to a strange place, to another element than their own; and having been gathered from the hills and the vallies of their sequestered range, how averse to “congregated humanity,” and how afraid of the puffings of the steam, and the confusion and hubbub of the boat! All the driving, and jeering, and coaxing, avails not half as well as one word from their tender—the swart rider of the corn-fed steed. His voice effects more than all the sharp spike-sticks of the boatmen could do. Yet is there one here who, for his total fearlessness of horn or hoof, his readiness, his unsparing of self, his agility, his cleverness, his *joy amongst cattle*, we have named “Dare Devil.” This boy I have noticed often. His sharp piony-colored cheeks, his burning black eye, show a peculiar temperament. How foremost were his place amidst the

traveling trading company, plying betwixt our western frontier and the cities of the Spanish border. He probably is not intelligent enough to know *where* to push his fortune; and we should be conscientious in advising an untrained youth to assume, for the furtherance of his fortune, a situation which might expose and jeopardize his principles; for doubtless a band so constituted, who spend much of their time, if not beyond the jurisdiction, yet beyond the precincts of law, are, more or less, a "law to themselves," and subject to the influences of moral misrule; and though, in a strife of physical power, our "Dare Devil" were as good as the best, yet *there* is his danger. He is probably better where he is.

Our boat nears the opposite shore, and presently we find ourselves in the go-ahead city of Cincinnati. Its improvements, its structures, its advantages as a city we are not now in a humor to set forth. The stream and current of life, claiming involuntary sympathy, make their own impressions, and to observe and note them is all we can at present afford.

The first person we meet is a merchant citizen. He steps out of his neat little carriage, which, at eight o'clock, has brought him from his residence on the hill, two miles away, to spend his day until four o'clock, P. M., when it will again be sent to take him to his dinner, and his comfortable, elegant home, and his well ordered family. He is neat and nice as a pink this warm July day. No small portion of our comfort, and the self-possession of our ideas, we would observe, is referable to the bath-house and the laundress. Even a poor man looks, as it were, above the world, when his "clothes philosophy" is calculated and conformed to the rule of precise comfort and respectability. But our merchant—what has he to annoy him in the world? He steps out of his carriage into his large ware-house. He has a cool, remote counting-room, and two or three bidable and orderly clerks attend him, whilst several understrappers, like Jupiter's, "await *his* nod." His business, too, though the times are bad, is in good train—in safe and sure progress; for he has ever been a regular and *scientific merchant*—never a speculator. He is a moral man. He has no undue vehemence of temper to betray his discretion—no assumption of pride to make him jealous. He owes no debts—he envies no man—he is afraid of no man; and, indeed, as it regards the world, he is perfectly independent. And he is, in common acceptance, a respecter of religion and its ordinances. What has he to annoy him? Why do we insist that he has any thing? Because his forehead, though placid, is not smooth—because, under the decent, gentlemanly exterior, there lurks a hardly perceptible anxiety of deportment, and, as it were, his *anatomy looks not happy*; and his eye, if you look close enough, has an expression of *avidity* which no other emotion ever transcends or countervails. Yes, though not a miser—though not denying himself or his family, his neighbor or the public their customary rights, yet does the sin of *avarice* abide and rule his inner bosom, giving disquiet where cause of disquiet would seem none; and for the

want of "that perfect rule," which constrains him not, rendering *him* less than happy who seems to hold the world in his power. And yet is there many a worse man.

It is market day, and see the motley crowd pressing on to the stand. The stalls are redolent of newly butchered meats, and the very large quantity sends forth an odor so strong, as seems to draw the sense to a sort of faintness this warm day. And now are we jostled, even on the sidewalk, by the return passengers. Truly, what a nation of eaters! Nation, did we say? Many from other countries than our own are here—mostly, the Irish and the Dutch; and both, as naturalized citizens, are making rapid strides in the acquisition of property and its concomitant privileges. How content should *we* be with our individual annoyances, when we can every day in the year witness the fullness of our land in its length and breadth. And as we reflect upon the starveling neighborhoods that many of these emigrants left on their native shores, we give them hearty welcome to our more happy country. As yet many of them are uncouth and ungainly. Though the dialect of the Dutch is grating to our ears, yet does the animated and fluent garulity of yonder group attract us, as they make their way, bearing their well-filled baskets, with no great expense of grace, and jostling all not as expert as themselves in threading the sinuous course through the mob. See yet another, not fully as polite as these! Her step is like the step of a man, both bold and resolute—her brawny arms are bare—her gown of blue nankin is neither too long nor too wide; but then her cap frill makes up all deficiencies. It is turned up into the air, and its deep cherry colored ribbon is careering in the wind. She follows her pipe and her nose—she looks neither to the right nor to the left, and seems intent on preserving her one instinct of "making a good bargain." She cheapens fish, six good-sized ones for a fip, and obtains a bonus of two more, "jist for custom." Poor thing, whilst she speculates *in small*, in her ignorance she believes that conscience should take cognizance only of large "respectable sins."

The markets have now abated as low as one would think were worth the *while* of producers and suppliers; yet not one whit has abated the spirit of haggling and cheapening amongst a certain class of buyers; and though no longer in any sense necessary, there are many who seem to cherish the practice as a characteristic trait.

We know that in this, as in some other of our large cities, females of the first respectability occasionally attend the markets. And many such we meet, who having dispatched their purchases are returning with an animated step, as if a disagreeable duty were well gotten over; but others, even youthful ones, linger and lounge, and make this place, even the shambles as it were, the theatre in which to display finery, and to sport affectation. One, with more airs than gentility, is smelling at butter, and rejecting it because the price is a cent or two more than she likes, with the expres-

tion, "horrid stuff," "I am sure I couldn't swallow that," &c. Follow her a few paces, and you shall see her choose some of inferior quality, at inferior price. Whilst the meanness of the manœuvre is known only to herself she is not ashamed of it; and like the other, she dreams not of sin in making a bargain at market.

How many different tempers shall you see in those occupying the stands—some pleasing and attractive by their good humor and obliging amenity—others morose and affrontive, allowing no inspection or facility to buyers, and creating the very failure which their discontent deplores.

But we pass out of the market, and meet a trig, lively mulatto girl. She carries three several bundles of clothes, not small ones either, which she has collected from her employers, and is taking home to wash. Her cheerful, happy spirit, communicates to our feelings, and helps to dissipate the umbrage of discontent that for some hours has lowered above us; and the admonition is seasonable, advising that our forecastings and apprehensions are both foolish and sinful.

But the next passenger would be not so profitable to us. She descends the steps of a splendid mansion, a structure of size where salubrity, convenience, and elegance are united. She is possessed of much to satisfy and to delight; yet such seems not to have been the effect. Her carriage awaits her this fine morning for a ride. Her step is irresolute and discontented—her brow, though she is young, say of twenty-five years, is anxious, severe, and distrustful. She is the wife of an indulgent husband. He is rich, prudent, and respectable. She "feels the spleen of too much ease."

And now we meet three pretty children, so neatly dressed, of so spirited yet so proper deportment, so intelligent looking, and altogether of so agreeable impression, that we are impelled to inquire who they belong to. We warrant to some parent who looks closely to them, rendering them happy in themselves and acceptable to others. Our view, though transient, gives conviction of many conformities not here presented. Yes, they are the children of *English* parents; and our delight is dashed by the regret that where we meet with one family of American children equally well trained with those of average English families, we find twenty that are *not*. These boys will not contradict or disoblige their parents, or make separate decisions, until they have a separate home. And the daughter, also, will never assume the rule, or mistake her mother's house for her own, as *some* do—the mother being most blameworthy in the matter.

And here we meet a boy ten years of age, who has had no training at all. As he runs along the pavement, he draws a heavy stick along, scoring the open bars of a fence, and gives no heed to the gentleman in the broad-brimmed hat, a few paces behind him, who says, "Thee should *not* do that." Pity the abuse is not penal to the most summary hand.

Now we come to an open square. The female who is taking the *diagonal* of it (though she loves not obliquities) is a New Englander, most probably from Con-

necticut. She sees no good reason why she should not "save time," and make her walk as direct as "is consistent" this warm morning. The *quin cunx* couldn't confound her; for she would "argue" that what was oblique to one point, was direct to another; and she would "calculate" that she was the best judge of her own course. But behold a pageant. It is a keel-boat some eighteen or twenty feet long, nicely painted. It is on wheels, and a couple of draft horses are taking it to the river; and amongst the juvenile mob attendant, it takes no conjuror to point out the "captain," yes, "and owner of that sloop." He is about fifteen years of age. His own money, that he earned by working, paid for this boat, and he is now going to have a "launch," and to "name her"—perhaps the "Belorophon," or the "Great Western," the "Hippopotamus," or the "Leviathan"—any how, the name will be *large enough*. Who can deny an interchanging glance of sympathy to the ingenuous boy, who is so happy, especially as he is trying with all his might to look humble. He intends, for a small compensation, to ply coastwise, taking small freights, east and west in the city—a sort of "carrying trade." If he continues to effect as much according to his years, he will, soon after his minority, become a citizen of weight.

And here we meet another youth of about the same age; but he has had better opportunities and gentler breeding. He is now on his way from the high school, where he has made good proficiency in his continuous education for many years. He carries a portfolio under his arm; and be it known that, though he never neglects any of his studies, yet, between times, he indulges himself in his *penchant*, which is for *drafting*. He is especially good at the human face, *en grotesque*, and in the varieties of caricature. He will one day—if he follows his bent—be our American Cruikshank.

But we must slacken our pace a little, or we shall overtake those fashionables before us. The ladies seem to be intent on their subject. No doubt it is a fine one, as we catch now and then an exclamation or a cadence. Perhaps it is, as Goldsmith has it, "all about Shakspeare and the musical glasses." Yet they are not entirely absorbed in their subject; for gentle vascillations of the head, and certain spreadings back of the hands, indicate a sort of irrepressible sense of dress and its gratifications; and, indeed, they are in high mode—so much so, that they remind us of the little girl who, recounting the wonders of the menagerie, said, in describing the dromedary, that she had seen "one great thing that wa'nt level nowhere." Our elegantes have the fashionable "partridge pace," too. We are loth to take the way of them, but indeed we must not conform to their amble any longer; and now we pass—but dear me! they are colored ladies!

Anon we meet with a citizen, whose property (sufficiently apparent) would be with many a pretense of superiority and personal airs. But not accounting his possessions as part of himself, he is affable, grave, and considerate. Just now he is under some affliction, and his fellow citizens sympathize with him, which is not

always the case towards a very rich man. But by good sense and modesty, he claims an involuntary respect, where many of his *weight* command only a constrained one. Not so with him of the sliding, sinuous step. "*Riches*" is written and re-written in every turn and lineament, as it is in the very core of his heart. Under his present perversion, he could not be made to comprehend that a man without property possesses the same natural rights as a rich one. But let him pass—the punishment is his own.

And who is that female with the earnest, meek face? She is accompanied by two or three humble looking little girls, who take turns in helping her along with the several heavy baskets which she carries, filled with fruit, from the market. Her dress, though neat, is of the plainest and coarsest, and entirely of black. We understand now, she is one of the "Sisters of Charity," and assists in the *Asylum*, where these orphans are reared. It is a Catholic institution. They receive forlorn children from any community; but upon the condition of educating them Catholics. We must pause to tell what we know of these "Sisters." They are interesting in their exact adherence to the vocation they have assumed, upon a plan of entire disinterestedness. They avow poverty and celibacy, and devote themselves to the alleviation of human suffering. In seasons of epidemic, they flinch not, but may be found early and late in the chambers of contagion, at the bedside of the sick and dying, demanding no price for services which are priceless—looking to the time when their Lord and Master "will account to them." Fame, with her trumpet, could not sound a note worthy of their pure goodness.

And now we see a fair young girl who looks so amiable and pretty, that we should contemplate her with great pleasure, but for the preposterousness of her dress, which is unsuited both to her condition and her age, as it also is to the time of day and her errand. She has no property whatever. Her dress is, not very judiciously, supplied by a distant relative, who is not able to make permanent provision for her. She is as yet hardly beyond the age of a school girl, and it is about nine o'clock that she has sallied forth this morning. She is dressed in a gown of rich silk—her bonnet is loaded with artificials and an expensive veil—she wears shoes of a light color, and silk stockings—she has *forgotten her gloves*, and on her arm she carries an open tin kettle containing a few cents' worth of yeast! Perhaps she may be advised by a well-wisher, that there is neither propriety nor gentility in these arrangements, and that she were really more attractive as well as more respectable in a plainer and less expensive dress. We also beg our reader to forgive the particularity of the detail, and believe it has not been done for gossip's sake; and that though *they* may not demand comment, there are many who do.

And now having got home, we would fain impart the cheerful hilarity which our long walk in the open air has effected; and especially would we commend to them the plan of deductions which we derive from a

chance view of the many and the various. Of those we met, almost all who were most felicitously situated seemed least satisfied; whilst those who really had some oppression of care, or were laboring under insufficiency of means, in the effort which they made to better themselves, evolved a spirit of contentment. They unfolded, perhaps, a talent, or expanded a hope, or exercised an ability, or some how or other consoled, and cheered, and elevated the tone and temper of their being. We now speak of such as were *employed*—being all that we can take into the account. Let us never forget that the idle person, efficiently speaking, is *nobody*. Of the rest, too, we infer that it is not always those who are most amply endowed with the means of indulgence who are most happy; for external things minister only to the senses—whilst humility is more probable to deprivation than to fullness—and its satisfactions, indicating a degree of grace, are best suited to the deeper wants of our nature. And looking abroad again, let all join in the hymn of thanksgiving that their lot is cast in a land of unexhausted—of almost inexhaustible resources; and that however hard the times may be said to be, they are only so by comparison; and even for this the antidote might be found by consulting the nature of the disease. Let us know that however political *vetoes* may interfere with *luxuries*, nothing but indolence and individual sloth can deprive us of *comfort* and *plenty*.

B.

Original.

## ECONOMY OF CONTENTMENT.

PERHAPS there is no principle in early training so little attended to as the inculcation of contentment, and the correcting and repressing of that vagrant disposition of childhood, which is seeking constantly after novelty and change. And this tendency is so universal, and, as would appear, so difficult to satisfy, that we must suppose the proper remedy has not been often applied, and that *necessity* alone, in cases, has controlled the error, which, perhaps, it were equally within the power of tuition and discipline to effect.

That the subject has not claimed a closer consideration is matter of surprise, whether we view it in regard to the well-being of the child himself, or in relation to its effects upon others—its immunity upon parents, and inmates, and all concerned. Not only is it matter of present importance, but one that extends to a vastly wider field of contingencies in the future, swaying or controlling almost every domestic morality, in the accidents of health, hope, cheerfulness, amiability, scholastic acquirement, prosperity and worldly success, &c., and these again re-producing, by the sense of fair estimation, that amenity which fits and attunes the mind for still higher attainments. Of so vital importance is *temper*—contentment being one of its grand components. It runs its course with life, but in its issues terminates not with it, but happily constrains that *piety* which extends beyond.

But, confining our attention to the branch of our subject first assumed, namely, of “infant training to contentment,” let us proceed to examine the feasibility of the experiment. And in doing this, we must take into account all the varieties of character with which we have to do. Some few, no doubt, we find so softly set and so gentle, that we would bide the adage, and “let well alone,” lest any alterative were rather mischievous than of reform. To such children, where the *practice* is so good, we may await maturity before it shall be necessary to discuss with them the principles and the “science of contentment.”

In almost every household we find two or three or more children associated by age and condition, and awaiting the discipline of parental dictation. And whether they be too much or too little indulged, this unamiable and annoying propensity to discontent is likely to ensue. Where the happy medium is not found, it is much more probable to occur from the former than from the latter cause. The parent, no doubt, is often puzzled and distressed, that he do not, either by concession abet laxity of performance, or by too rigorous demanding overtask the child's ability, and so discourage rather than advance him. In the variety of cases which may require to be managed, no particular rule will apply. The parent, like the wise physician, will not always follow *prescriptive* rule, but, in particular cases, will attend, as it were, the bedside, and by close attention, *watching* the *symptoms* as they arise, await the *clinical practice* with his patient.

But however undecided the parent may be as to the *means* of discipline, the *method* admits of no uncertainty. *Positive* methods are both surest and most easy. The greatest axiom which we gather from the economy of nature is the salutary action of *necessity*; and since we would not choose what to our sense is bale, that which is distasteful to us, the benevolence of Providence hath put beyond our choice. The reaction of our sins, so necessary to our use, is also inevitable; and so we are relieved from the conflict of uncertainty with hope, and acquiesce in the necessity which we cannot countervail. Our aberrations are our own—the righting of them is of God; and happy are those who accept the grace and appropriate the admonition.

*Obedience* should be a desideratum in parental government. It sometimes happens that the elder members of a family, who are just advancing to the threshold of society, claim the too exclusive attention of their parents over their juniors of the nursery and the school-room. This is a great mistake; for the little people, having yet hardly formed other acquaintances, are almost wholly dependent upon household notices for their enjoyment; and if these are denied or withheld from them, we think they have some cause of discontent. The social spirit, the loving heart of childhood must find companionship. Nature hath provided them with those the most proper to guide their years of innocence and ignorance. These are their parents, their household guardians, their constituted companions and helpers, by the same law of Providence which consigned them to their charge. And the young parents who prefer too often the claims of social life over their home duties, are unfaithful and untrue to this law of nature as to their own offspring, and will probably reap its consequences in an unruly and discontented household, its influences extending, as we have hinted, beyond the present instance or the present hour.

Childhood should abide in *simplicity*; for as children are incompetent to a variety of tastes, so much the more, if indulged in novelty, shall their humors sway and control them. Lead them into a variety of amusements and they are *not suited*—they have a perception of this; and as they know not what *would* please them, they are only excited to discontent and craving for continual novelty and change.

Many adults are in the same predicament; but as their pleasures are of their own choosing, they take to themselves the aristocratic salvo of a “too refined tact,” subjecting in all things to find but “*ennui*.” This is too true; but it originates not in a delicate but in a vitiated taste. Whilst the simple pleasures of life cloy not, nor fatigue, the very hurry upon the animal spirits is in itself unfitting in the opposite course of dissipation.

But to return to our babies of the nursery. How simple should their pleasures be kept! A walk in the garden—a play with their mates on the green—sometimes a ride—a little visit with their nurse—the talk with their parents—affection and kindness being their greatest excitements—an occasional commendation—



the book, not yet conned, but valued by prescription—the baby-house of simple expense, with its little ménage, its inventions, its mimic proprieties, and its industry—the Sabbath day privilege of church going with the grown family, the white frock and the best hat or cap, and the demure and staid step, the subdued laugh, the forbidden jest, with admission to the parlor on their return, &c., shall mark to them for ever the distinction of the Sabbath over other days, and serve for ever to hallow and guard its decencies from profanation. And not to one day alone do we speak; for all these little nothings, these earliest and well remembered pleasures, embodied in practice, and continued by habit, shall shape the baby's character, and widening with his growth, and spreading themselves forth into the future, shall form the leadings and the tastes of life. But let us wait on him still; for our baby is already grown much stronger, and slipping away from his dependence on his nurse, he pauses and puts on a little sulk. He cannot tell his ail, but we know that he is *discontented*. He experiences a want, a craving and a *real* want; but the relief supplied is artificial, factitious, and unsuited. The child, like the man, wants an object and a *purpose*; but he is put off with an amusement or a toy. The toy should be his recreation, not his *employment*!

*Industry* is more intimated to us—it is recommended equally by its process and its results. It is the grand lever, and goes to the furtherance of the world. Also is it indicated by the physical structure of man, and is commended to him with best beneficence. And if it find not its agent in humanity, it *will* avenge itself, and querulousness and discontent shall ensue upon the delinquent. Our baby being a unit in this great plan, has as much right to be discontented as another. Industry, then, must be obeyed; and there are proofs that you can hardly begin with this discipline too soon. Witness how much more happy is the child gathering berries, or *picking chips*, than he is surrounded by piles of toys, or see him even amidst his little companions, though full of sport and glee, yet changing his play every three minutes for another. Or mark with what self-importance his brother, the youngest on foot, conveys a message to a servant, or runs into the next room for mamma's handkerchief.

It may be remarked that the children of the poor are seldom beset with this restless, unsatisfied hankering after change, which we have noticed. Their few simple pleasures, recurring again and again, are never tasteless; for these children are pretty soon put upon some performances of *duty*; and in these the little actors *receive* much more benefit than they *render*—the character is assured and strengthened by it. Observe with what mixture of fondness and self-complacency the eldest girl nurses her younger sister, and how alert is the step of the little boy, helping his mother with her parcels from the grocer!

*Action*, then, with a *purpose*, is the answer to our close questioning of discontent in the infant bosom—the former supplying physical, the latter mental en-

largement. Keep the child upon some sufficient performances, and we guard him for the present, innocent as he is, from his besetting tormentor—the demon of sloth. Full happy we are in our conviction, that this enemy is *without*, and not *within* himself. Discontent, we believe, is rather a habit superinduced by indulgence than a vice of constitution. You reply that if discontent is not inherent, or the essential sin of nature, yet that the sin of nature adopts it. Yes, as readily as “the sparks fly upward;” but 'tis the necessity of perversion, and against this we would guard; for we “fight not as beating the air.”

Too great variety, as we have hinted, should not be presented to the child's choice. Latitude in any sort is mischievous to children. Nor need we fear contracting or narrowing the character, for the whole tendency is to excess. Restriction is salutary in more than one view, at the same time that it forbids excursiveness, which is unfriendly to contentment. It also constrains a more fixed attention upon the subjects submitted to its choice, and tends to correct the dissipation of mind ever attendant upon too great indulgence of novelty.

We think children should be considered and allowed for—should be gratified and often indulged, but not to their hurt. *Humoring* a child absurdly has exactly an opposite effect to that intended, if gratification is the motive; for nature hath forbidden any gratification to the unquiet shiftings of caprice.

Another cause of discontent should be guarded against. A child should be early instructed to indulge no hopes opposed to probability. If he can be assured that he cannot obtain an object, he will cease to regard it. When *necessity*, the most positive of all laws, constrains a subject, it is put at rest, and a corresponding certainty is established in the mind—the conflict of desiring and of doubt is over, and the resignation is complete. But would you “so sadden our child's temper, so indurate his spirit?—the sternness of philosophy suits not with infant years,” say you. But the buoyancy of nature is not so easily subdued; and if it were, the gentle mood is better than the discontented. There are many objects in life. Our child is of more than one affection. We intend him to have too much character to succumb to the first adversity. When we demand a sacrifice of him, we deny that he is either saddened or indurated; for arousing the sensibility has the effect both to elevate and to soften character; and the attempt at magnanimity is the best relief which the case admits of. It is true, we must not put the child upon a code of ethics—the ponderous tome suits not his baby hand. But we can and will put him upon the *practice*; and if we keep him steady and regular in his easy course, when he is grown he shall never need open the book, for why should he?

We have forbidden him his false hopes; but this is no cruelty. Deprivation, in common cases, at least at the instant, is more easily submitted to than the disappointment which accompanies it. And now is your opportunity. The child is denied a boon which he vehemently desires—he is earnest and sufficiently made

up from childish levity to understand you—his mood is strong enough for you to ingraft upon it any sentiment of kindred tone with effect. And he can be better consoled with somewhat of equal greatness, than, by a simple denial, he can bear the subsiding into indifference or the flatness of disappointment. Observe, whilst you talk to him, (unless he is a spoiled child,) that you have arrested his grief, and he attends earnestly to you; and now especially offer him some sympathy, but without coaxing, and make your proposal. Give him a motive and ground it in his own character, and *self-love* shall assist you to commend and point its use.

For deprivation supply hope; but leave it not vague and at large. Identify it with character, with definite attainments and performances, and turn the mind, running to waste in the vagrant course of external things, in *upon itself*; and whilst it contemplates the duty, hope supplies action to the energy, which, without a purpose, had driveled into humorsomeness and discontent. The child of greatest character will be least satisfied with idleness, although the same, if not attended to, will be found foremost in the pursuit of novelty and amusement.

We believe that early character may be redeemed and fashioned and trained to almost whatsoever we would; but it is the untiring patience and assiduity of the *mother* that can do it. The child that is taught by methods of application and industry, by obedience and piety, to hope in *himself*, will become a strong character. And we believe that a *juvenile good sense* may be instilled and established to the incalculable advantage of coming years.

We have led our boy on from infancy to childhood, and approaching even to another stage. *Youth*, with its "thick-coming fancies," and its host of passions, shall be better coped with than if no restraint and no discipline had preceded it. As we pass on in life, we often perceive that the wayward fickleness of our own nature disturbs and hinders us more than would a constrained acquiescence in what is distasteful to us.

Could we unravel the causes and consequences, we should see that a youth of hardship is not the most to be deplored. In reading the biography of the eminent and the effective, it will strike those conversant with that branch of illustration—how *large is the proportion* of such who have arisen from obscure parentage! Whilst the difference (in the ratio) is acknowledged, of poor men's sons who have attained to station over those of rich parents and delicate breeding, the superior attainment of the former is often imputed to a scanty outset in business, demanding a better economy of *money* than does the other; but it is in reality a much wider principle, of broader basis, grounded in the shapings of character that has effected the difference. The hard and scanty condition of their childhood, with deprivation and *endurance*, was the proper training and nurture of greatness—the simple joys, the undisturbed mind, the imposed duty, the disciplined spirit, braced to a hardihood commensurate to almost any circum-

stances of life. It were a startling assertion to say that a parent "abuses his child," and an offense to call him short-sighted; but can he not perceive that for one present improper indulgence, the character and the future well-being is drawn upon with the usurious, the griping avidity of the miser? Does not violated and jealous virtue assert and right herself in her whole course? Go with her and you are safe—the line is *one*. Diverge, and the distance lost is, in proportion to itself, *two*—the return is as long and much more difficult than was the aberration.

We could fancy a scale, a tree of life, where, abiding in the right, every succeeding year should have its appropriate duty, its additional acquirement; but once quit the course, and there is either a backset or an entire lapse of the space lost in regaining it. To take our idea out of the demonstration, we know, morally, that any departure from propriety produces a coarseness of sentiment that renders the return both difficult and distasteful. And what shall compensate our wounded self-love? Without self-respect none are happy; and with it few are miserable.

Some parents would seem to take as much delight in the *pride* as in the affection with which they view their children. We do not discuss whether this is ever a proper sentiment; but often, when we see the sturdy boy of six or eight years, who has been too tenderly guarded in his inability and cowardliness, we would think him any thing but an object of pride. Instead of having been, at every little emergency, put upon the heroic, and in the exercise of self-defense, he was allowed to cling, with "endearing dependence," to mamma's apron-string. If the events of life shall call for heroism, how defenseless and unprepared will he be! Meanwhile, our child of precarious and unprovided resources, shall grow stronger and stronger, bearing cheerfully his portion of life; for we would think our philosophy but half-advised, if he did not bear *well* the inconveniences which he may be said rather to *sustain* than to *suffer*. We would have him modest, too, whilst he exhibits that promptitude, cleverness, and efficiency, compared with which the rich man's son, poor boy, if cheated out of his birth-right, petted, humored, and enfeebled, shall appear but as a driveler or a dolt.

We are aware that where so much self-dependence is insisted on, there is danger of arrogance and conceit; but we have provided that the religious education of our protégé be commensurate with the moral training, indeed, that they are inseparable, the one being grounded in the other. Neither could the parent, by all of her dictation, expect "to build up" her child, her little immortal, without a resource beyond herself; and both would know that their strength was *derived*—not a *property*, but only a *means*—and that its ultimate is God.

MENTORIA.



Original.

## ELECTRICITY.

THE natural sciences are the peculiar growth of modern times; for whatever eminence the learned of antiquity may have attained in other departments of science, or of the arts, they seem scarcely to have entered upon the threshold of this. Some departments, which are now perhaps less assiduously cultivated, had then advanced to great perfection, and shone with astonishing brilliancy; whilst others, which were then shrouded in the deepest night, or perhaps just seen above the horizon, emitting a feeble and flickering ray, have since arisen to meridian splendor.

Thus painting and sculpture rose under the plastic hand of the tasteful Greeks, sensitively alive to all the charms of symmetry and color, to an elevation which bids defiance to future rivalry; while the glowing fancy, the lofty imagination, the delicate sensibility of Athenian and Roman mind, have poured themselves forth in all the varied forms of poetry and eloquence, which they have left, like luminaries, in the literary heavens, at which the poet and the orator of succeeding ages might delight to aim, though despairing of ever attaining his mark. Though, in the pure sciences, the works of Euclid have continued to be the text-book of the geometrician for more than two thousand years, still unrivaled in the beauty and simplicity of its demonstrations, yet of the natural sciences, which constitute so large and valuable a portion of modern learning, scarcely one can be said to have had an existence in the academies of ancient Greece and Rome.

The history of some of them, indeed, may be included within the narrow compass of half a century or less. It was not until philosophers ceased to rest the superstructure of science upon the shadowy pillars of fanciful theory, and learned, by careful observation, and by skillful experiments, like well directed questions, to draw from the breast of nature the secret principles which govern her mysterious operations, that these sciences began to assume their present commanding position.

What has been said of the natural sciences generally, is particularly applicable to the science of electricity. Its history, as a science, can date little more than two centuries back; and an account of all the isolated facts known to the ancients, may be comprised within a very narrow compass. Thales, the "father of Grecian philosophy," first observed that amber, on being rubbed, attracts to itself straws and other light bodies. This effect the Grecian philosopher gravely attributed to the agency of some hidden animals, which, excited by unwelcome pressure, sallied forth from their amber habitation, and in their return brought back the captive straws. This same property was afterwards observed to belong to another substance, probably the same that is now called tourmaline. These two facts seem to have constituted the alpha and omega of the *practical* electricity of the ancients, and were handed down through succeeding ages with little addition, till about the commencement of the seventeenth century.

They had, it is true, witnessed many of the more prominent exhibitions of its power in the works of nature. They had listened with superstitious awe to the dread artillery of the heavens—they had seen the vivid lightning's play around the lofty summit of their Olympus, firing its sacred groves, or hurling from its cragged peaks the massive rocks. The sailor, too, had seen in it his guardian deity, or the dreaded genius of the storm, resting in tongues of fire upon the pointed mast; or the warrior, upon the eve of battle, had seen his spear tipped with ethereal fire. But while these appearances were regarded as the effect of the direct interposition of some of the numerous superior beings with which a teeming fancy had peopled the earth and skies, and who, by these means, displayed their power and maintained their authority over the minds of men, few could be found, even among philosophers possessed of sufficient hardihood and impiety to attempt an explanation, by natural causes, of these most interesting phenomena.

These opinions at length, however, began to give place to sounder principles in science, and more enlarged and accurate views of Divine Providence; and some of the more bold and speculating among the learned attempted to account for the extraordinary appearances in nature according to the laws by which she was known to perform her ordinary works. But the human mind, long shrouded in the dark mantle of ignorance, and fettered by superstition, could not by a single effort shake off its fetters, and proceed, at one giant stride, to the eminences of true science. The eye, so long blinded by prejudice—the hand, palsied by the incantations of bigotry and priestcraft, could not at once penetrate the deep recesses of the laboratory of nature, and seize, with tenacious grasp, and bring to the light of day the secret laws and hidden apparatus by which she performed her mysterious operations. But the late unshackled mind was compelled to proceed with slow and cautious steps, groping its way through the intricate mazes of error, which many dark ages had accumulated, and removing, with untiring industry, the thousand obstacles which prejudice had interposed to its onward progress. Like the invalid just rising from the bed of disease which has prostrated all his energies, its first efforts were feeble and blundering. Yet, gaining strength from every exertion of its powers, and learning wisdom from its former failures, it has advanced rapidly to that lofty eminence on which it now stands, surveying with intelligent eye the manifold works of the great Architect of the universe, and holding in its hands the keys that unlock a thousand mysteries, which for ages had been barred to human observation.

About the year 1600, some interesting experiments in electricity were published by a Dr. Gilbert of England, relating chiefly to the attractive and repulsive powers of excited bodies. Little interest, however, seems to have been excited by their publication among the learned of that day; and few if any discoveries were made till about the close of the seventeenth, or

beginning of the eighteenth century, when, by the labors of Boyle and Guericke, many new facts were brought to light, and increased interest given to electrical inquiries. But though the number of facts in relation to this subject were thus increased, little seems to have been gained in the way of explanation or theory. Boyle, it is true, discarded the invisible animals employed by the Grecian sages in their explanation of attraction, but supplied their places by an adhesive fluid thrown off by the excited body, and which, attaching itself to light particles of matter, brought them back in its return.

The earliest method of obtaining electricity was by rubbing amber or tourmaline, with the hand; and it was long supposed that these were the only substances capable of excitation. It was at length, however, discovered that sulphur, and resinous and vitreous bodies possessed similar properties; and plates or cylinders of these substances were substituted for the amber of the earlier experimenters. A new era was commenced in electrical inquiries on the introduction of the sulphur globe by Guericke, which was turned on its axis, and excited by the friction of the hand. This long continued to be the most approved method of obtaining electricity. Machines have since been constructed in a great variety of other forms, and of an almost innumerable variety of substances, such, for example, as cylinders or plates of glass, rosin, or baked wood, woolen cloth, strips of varnished silk, &c. One general principle, however, pervades the whole; for however they may differ in other respects, they all agree in this, that the producing cause is friction of what are called non-conducting substances. In the earlier stages of these investigations, it was discovered that the attraction was not constant, but that bodies were first attracted and then repelled with equal force. These unaccountable, and apparently contradictory properties of the same body, led to the prosecution of experiments with increased zeal and greater carefulness; and every circumstance connected with them was subjected to the closest scrutiny. By the ingenious and accurate investigations of such men as Coulomb, Laplace, Biot, and others, men of the greatest acuteness of intellect, and depth of scientific research, the various laws which regulate them have been determined with a precision equal to our highest wishes. From these investigations it appears that whenever two bodies are rubbed together they both become electrically excited, and that the nature of this excitement, or, in other words, the kind of electricity is different in the two bodies—that bodies similarly electrified repel, while those of opposite kinds attract each other and unexcited bodies—and that when brought into contact, these opposite electricities, called respectively, positive and negative, or vitreous and resinous, neutralize each other, and the bodies again become passive. Upon these principles are founded a great variety of beautiful and interesting experiments. Thus, when a metallic ball is suspended between oppositely electrified bells, it is alternately attracted and repelled from one to the other until an equi-

librium of the electricity is restored. Our ingenious countryman, Dr. Franklin, did not fail to bring to the investigations of this subject his accustomed sagacity and versatility of intellect, establishing some of its most important laws, and affording most ingenious and often amusing examples of their application. Among these may be mentioned the raven feeding Elijah, in which the figure of a bird performs the office of the metallic ball in the case last mentioned, conveying the electricity from an excited body to a conductor concealed beneath the robes of the prophet.

But this power is not limited, in its application, to the production of philosophic toys, however ingenious, but is found, as we may hereafter have occasion to notice, to be one of the most extensively active agents employed in the infinitely diversified operations of nature—acting at one time upon the smallest particle of matter, at another upon the most extensive masses—now at distances too inconceivably minute to be capable of appreciation by the mind of man, and again operating, it may be, through spaces, in the immensity of which all human conceptions are bewildered and lost. These attractive and repulsive powers were not only the first to be observed, but, from the smallness of the quantity of electricity necessary to their development, and the marked uniformity of their effects, they have been found to furnish the surest tests and most accurate measures of that subtile fluid. Accordingly, a great variety of instruments have been constructed, called respectively electroscopes, and electrometers, according as they are designed to discover the presence or measure the intensity of electricity, many of them displaying the highest ingenuity in their construction, and a delicacy and accuracy in their indications no less admirable.

Aided by instruments of such nicety, it was soon perceived that the force of electrical attraction, instead of being uniform, or varying simply as the distance, increased in a much more rapid ratio as the bodies approached, and diminished with a similar rapidity as they receded from each other. Hence, from the analogy of other forces, it was conjectured, long before any experiments of sufficient accuracy had been performed to determine the point, that it followed the same law of intensity as light, and heat, and gravitation, viz., what is termed by mathematicians the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances. These conjectures have been most fully verified by the acute and talented searches of Coulomb, and thus another example furnished of that beautiful simplicity and uniformity of plan by which the Architect of the universe delights to accomplish the ever-varied productions of his hand.

This is one of the innumerable instances in which the increasing light of modern science has enabled us to perceive order and simplicity where formerly only confusion and complexity of design appeared; and facts long considered anomalies in nature, have been found obedient to known and well established laws. Indeed, the natural sciences consist of little else than a classification of facts, which, from time to time, have

forced themselves upon the attention of the observer of nature, between which, however, there was seen no connecting tie, but they seemed like the playful freaks of sportive nature, delighting, occasionally, to step aside from her ordinary path, and astonish or amuse mankind by the exhibition of her terrific power, or a display of her milder beauties.

The second property of electricity which we shall notice, is its capability of being transferred from one body to another, and the circumstances connected with and dependent on the transfer. In the very commencement of electrical experiments, it was observed that the excited body, when touched by the hand, or other body, was deprived of its peculiar properties; but it was not, for many years, perceived that different substances conducted off the electric fluid, or as it was called by the early experimenters, the ethereal fire, with different degrees of perfectness, and with attendant circumstances widely different. Thus it was found that all the metals, acids, water, charcoal, and some other substances, afforded a ready passage, usually with little or no apparent effect upon themselves, whilst resinous and vitreous substances, and organized bodies, when deprived of moisture, either entirely interrupt its progress, or permit it to pass with difficulty, and often, when the quantity is large, with the accompaniment of brilliant sparks or flashes of light, or at other times the body itself is torn in pieces by the violence of the discharge. On this property is founded the division of bodies into conductors and non-conductors. And since those bodies only can be excited which resist the passage of electricity, (others conveying it away as fast as it is produced,) these divisions are frequently called, respectively, non-electrics and electrics. The two classes, however, pass by such insensible gradations into each other as to leave no distinct line of demarkation. Hence, these terms are merely relative in their signification, expressing only the comparative ease or difficulty of their excitation. Neither do any bodies possess these properties in perfection, since the most perfect conductors have been found to oppose a degree of resistance; and on the other hand, no body is so perfect a non-conductor as to be absolutely impervious to electricity when accumulated. The effects produced by the passage of electricity through non-conducting media, present one of the most extensive and interesting fields of philosophical investigation, and afford a great number of highly beautiful and amusing experiments.

As already remarked, in passing through bodies of this kind, it produces, if in sufficient quantities, flashes of light, which are also accompanied by intense heat. These sparks, or flashes, vary in brilliancy, size, form, and color, not only with the nature and intensity of the electricity employed, but with the nature both of the non-conducting media through which they pass, and of the conductors employed. The most perfect metallic conductors afford sparks of white light, of the greatest intensity, when the current passes between them through common air, whilst, under similar circumstances, wood and ice afford a beautiful red light. The hand, a less

perfect conductor, gives a purple, while that of silvered leather is a beautiful green. If other media than atmospheric air be used, such as the gasses and vapors, light of every hue, and degree of intensity, may be obtained, and the shaded tints of the rainbow, and the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, be exhibited in miniature. Solids which are partially transparent, have their transparency greatly increased, with the production of a great variety of the most delicate colors. If a powerful shock be passed through the hand or other part of the body, its transparency will be so increased as to render the nerves and blood-vessels distinctly visible. Experiments of this kind may be infinitely diversified, since almost every substance affords some new and peculiar appearance.

The light and heat developed in these experiments, are not regarded as essential properties of electricity, but as effects produced by the sudden compression or agitation of the medium through which it passes; and hence the great variety of appearances exhibited by different substances.

The similarity of the effects of electricity to those produced by lightning, led to the suspicion, long entertained, that lightning, and its attendant circumstances, are but exhibitions on a grander scale of those phenomena which are produced in miniature by the minuter quantities of the same, which, with our limited means, we are capable of accumulating. The truth of these conjectures it was reserved for our illustrious countryman, Franklin, to establish, with that simplicity, ingenuity, and directness which are characteristic of that great philosopher. Having obtained electricity directly from the clouds, he performed with it all those effects which were known to be produced by electricity obtained in the ordinary ways—thus realizing, in this practical age, the superstitious fables of the fanciful Grecian mythologist, of bringing fire down from heaven, and stealing the thunderbolts of the cloud-compelling Jove. And not only has man learned to ape, in miniature, the dreaded thunders, but to seize, as it were, the destructive bolt in mid career, and turning it aside from its intended course, cause it to pass harmlessly away. Here we see the same agent, when collected by the experimenter, on a few feet of conducting surface, moving feathers and straws, or setting in motion some philosophic toy—at another time, when diffused through thousands of acres of dense clouds, it is seen rending the heavens with its terrific strength, and making the earth tremble while it proclaims in thunder tones its own mighty achievements—when, in the language of a gifted poet,

“From crag to crag,

Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud.”

G. W. O.

Original.

## ELOPEMENT.

"An elopement"—the elopement of a young lady of eighteen years—the daughter of respectable and wealthy parents, of whom she was the caressed and indulged child. But she hath abandoned them—father and mother—parted, too, from brothers and sisters—her companions, her contemporaneous friends ever since she has lived! Her assured, pleasant, and easy home, she hath forsaken; and all at the instigation of a stranger—at best the acquaintance of a few months! The affliction of the parents we can imagine, not portray—the bitterness of that sting which *is* "sharper than a serpent's tooth," and does, indeed, "outvenom all the worms of Nile," it took a Shakspeare to note, and none other may reveal so deep an anguish.

But how could a daughter do such cruelty against her parents—how disgrace their old age by an act so coarse? Was her training so faulty? Had no admonition, no comment been afforded to her inexperience? Had her parents been only indulgent, and not faithful to her? How, in a well ordered family, should such a thing occur? Are there no circumstances of extenuation in the case? There *is*, we fear, some concession of this sort, but nothing at all unusual. How many families, who believe themselves regular and consistent in the management of their children, do yet err as to this contingency—not by disregard as to the theory—not by an *adverse*, but by a *defective* and short-coming practice in the social economy of home! I know not how far this might have been the case in the present instance. The extreme youth of the young lady, whilst it affords some palliation to her error, yet suggests the idea, that had she been *very carefully* trained, *timidity*, grounded in delicacy, had supplied to her youth the place of discretion, and guarded her from the boldness of her present act.

The young man, *with whom she ran away*, was, we understand, not *very* exceptionable, saving so far as this instance implicates him—and that is far enough—was not very offensive, though not a favorite with the parents. And had he been dignified enough to come into the family in a regular way, the parents might probably, in time, have been won upon by the wishes of the daughter to sanction the connection, and she, retaining their regard, might have been married, as a proper young lady would wish, in her own paternal home. Yet, bewildered in the novelty of the adventure, neither the groom nor his bride seem aware of the ignominious notoriety which they have called forth. A few seasons passed, and they will perceive that there *has* occurred a change in the estimation with which they are regarded—they will know that they have not worn well with the respectable and the discreet, and that the undue *hurry* in a matter so important as a connection for life, rests not with the one act, but is imputed as a *characteristic* trait upon both parties. Self-love may be aroused before the more generous jealousy of friendship shall be touched; and thus this young pair are in danger of a false start, and of get-

ting at odds with the world at the outset. And as nothing is so distrustful as conscious delinquency, so their course will be disturbed by imaginary as well as by real annoyances. Their humor and tone will be very unfavorable, not to themselves alone, but to all the relations to which it may extend. In short, they have made a very great mistake.

The partial excuse which we have conceded to the minority of the lady, we do by no means extend to the gentleman. As instigator of the plot, and as having the advantage of some seven years' experience, we afford him no such palliative. He was old enough, had he been generous enough, to have counseled himself in this sort—"In urging this step, I know I am betraying the delicacy of the woman I love—not betraying her from the propriety of her course before the public alone, but betraying the deeper faculties of her heart—the gratitude and consideration which she owes by principle, as well as all that should impel her by affection to her earthly parents—if we must, alas! leave out of the account that which she owes to her Father in heaven; for she hath not been well defended—she does not refer herself to such a reliance! And *can* she, who finds it possible, under any circumstances, to trample on home duties—can she be faithful under any form of obligation? Shall the wife be more true than was the daughter? No, verily; for 'out of the same fountain' shall *not* come forth waters 'both sweet and bitter.' Yet *I* am affording her countenance and conduct in this apostasy! If, even amidst the bewilderment of passion, it is already apparent to my apprehensions, that she can be *persuaded* to do what is wrong, where shall my trust repose itself when she is *mine*, and necessarily the depository of my respectability and my honor? Yet do I pluck on to the issue; for I cannot abandon my speculation in its crisis of success." And what *are* his motives?

Let the young girl, before she permits herself to be persuaded into the impropriety of a clandestine proceeding in the matter of marriage, reflect, that it is almost invariably the case, that her solicitor and abettor is of *inferior station and fortune to herself*. Let her recollect all the instances within her memory, and see if this is not almost uniformly the case—so much so, as to warrant her in her distrust of the disinterestedness of his motives. Can she not, in her own case, say, he affects to prefer me, with all these difficulties, and forbiddings, and violations of order and rule, and exposure to censure and discredit, &c., &c.; but is it not—*because*—my father has a better *fortune* than any other with whom he might connect himself? If he is an absolute *adventurer*, perhaps he *tells* her that he is rich, and that motives of interest have no part in his object of a connection—he disclaims, with suspicious asseveration, *any* degree of regard for wealth—"filthy lucre" he despises equally with the dross from whence it has been gathered. All the while, he would not talk so much about it, if it were not so much in his thoughts.

Not, however, that we would make *fortune* the one consideration on which so important a matter as mar-

riage should turn. Yet, upon this subject, it is not narrow, but only discreet, that the young lady, if she have a fortune, should distrust rather than confide. Let her refer herself to her parents to know whether this sinister tendency—a sordid love of money—may consist with the character presented; and if it do, let her believe, that where it sways at all in the season of youthful emotion, that *there*, also, it engrosses and leads with predominating power. Thus far in her premises, and the deduction is direct enough, i. e., that he might love another as well as her—if *equally eligible!*—“as well!” If she is not now disenchanted, we must leave her to the thrall of her own groveling and ignominious ideas of the case.

We do not assert that every man who marries a rich wife has been attracted by her property; for we have seen those who were in a manner deterred by this very disparity. And we know individuals whose disinterestedness was their recommendation, and to whom, in this idea, encouragement was proffered over more wealthy suitors. But we have much more often seen the young female of character and merit, who would not, in her own case, have commuted the least quality of mind or heart, for all of Croesus’ wealth, yet sacrificed to the assiduity and to the machinations of a *fortune hunter!* And our young heroine, who is requested to *abscond* with a gentleman, had better reflect, that if he were *true*, and had been well trained in his own paternal home, he would hardly demand such sacrifice from one who, by her youth and inexperience, is insufficient to adjudge the case fairly, and whose only safety is in the protecting influences of her home affections. Let her think that he who could endeavor to persuade her against rectitude and propriety, may be not only sordid, but does not possess that moderation and considerateness of others which is the wife’s best guaranty of happiness in the companion of her life.

But perhaps, under all discouragements, she marries him. Let us trace their course and progress, in the first place, leaving apart the command which says, “Honor thy father and thy mother.” She hath offended, affronted, and aggrieved these—her parents—and they are fain, without hardness, to put her away from them, or rather to acquiesce in the distance which she hath so irreverently prescribed to them. Yes, she hath turned away from her parents—separated herself by an act of opposition to their wishes concerning herself. True, she hath never doubted, in a single instance, their disinterested regard for her—but she prefers a stranger. From her brothers and her sisters, too, she hath in a sort divided herself; for they naturally take part with their parents. Especially do her sisters see fit to assert their own discreetness, since *her* conduct points upon them an opposite inference. Her gay companions, the least advised amongst them, for a transient season, participate in her bridal festivities. The twelve-month, perhaps, finds her in a home *so very different* from the paternal one, that it should require other solace than any offered by the aggravated feelings of her disconcerted, disappointed partner to cheer her.

The sunshine friends, who could once, in their own sense, borrow consequence from her superior station, now find her of no more worth, and determine never to afford her the opportunity of requital—making *her* defalcation from duty an excuse for their own derisive levity—a convenient logic, worthy of those who use it. But of *such* is the world, or rather *their* world; and *for such* are they straining every effort, in their diminished powers, to sustain appearances, and by factitious means to keep up a *factitious style*—the one engrossing littleness of their hearts. But with all its sacrifices and sufferings, it will *not do*; and the crush of *bankruptcy* closes the first act of “the clandestine marriage.” And though I have likened it to a worthless pageant, it is a startling and anxious reality to them. Nor, had means and fortune always sufficed them, would their disobedience, or their impiety have been the less.

“What then,” you say, “are young persons never to marry because the old people do not happen to think as they do?” We reply that the instances are very few in which the parents are not won over to acquiescence at least—unless objection is substantial—unless the connection proposed is a positively improper one. And even these few instances of pertinacity and unreasonableness, we verily believe, if submitted to, or deferred, result in more satisfaction to the junior party than would their own *wills*, as arrayed in opposition to those who, in the course of nature, will cease to dictate whilst they are yet in the midst of life.

It were indeed a bold as well as a heartless idea to *calculate* the death of a friend—neither is it so; but if the affection have endured, the sacrifice were endeared over the grave of the departed; and the sad survivor, having dropped “her natural tears,” and given a lapse of time which betokens her respect, whilst it heals the shock of her bereavement, knows that the sacrifice is no longer necessary; and our pious young friends may yet live together many days in “the land which the Lord their God giveth them.”

An instance of this sort has come under my immediate cognizance, and relates to a friend of my early youth. This lady was a person of great character; and I have always been delighted to recollect a refined and spirited observation of hers—“I will never,” said she, “marry without my parents’ consent; nor will I ever go out of their house to be married.” And this considerateness, indeed, she owed to their sedulous training of her. Albeit, they were sturdy, and, as most persons thought, unreasonable in their opposition to her marriage. The suitor was a gentleman by birth, and of undoubted character—in intellectuality superior—of education and standing the best; but he was *poor, comparatively*, very poor; for the lady was very rich. Yet not an individual amongst all her baffled admirers ever accused him of coveting her fortune. Indeed, he was an instance in point of the disinterestedness which I have noticed above; and was preferred accordingly. But the parents could not listen at all to it; and after the subject had been once regularly dis-



posed of, no further mention or importunity was proposed by the suitor or the lady; for of the senior couple it was well understood, that their decree, like the law of the Medes and Persians, altered *not*; and they hoped that, with sufficient time and discouragement, the daughter would *wear out* her regard. But after the silence and lapse of *three* years, they began to fear that she *herself was wearing away*. Her health was changed—her spirit seemed weary, and she found no delight in any thing. She was a highly accomplished girl. Whatever she did she *did well*; and her performances had hitherto ministered not only to the delight of others but to her own satisfaction. But now nothing pleased her. Her drawings, in which she excelled, were neglected—no further specimens were produced. In music, too, she was a proficient; but her “grand piano,” which had been sent out to England for, by her father, a great improvement upon the other two instruments in her music saloon, remained untouched—only enough used to betoken her cognizance of the favor intended. Social society she had almost entirely abandoned. Three years, I say, had elapsed, yet she spoke of no hope, breathed no complaint.

It was about this time that she made the noble observation that I have mentioned. Her magnanimity, I think, conquered her parents’ reluctance. Her father proposed that she might marry if she chose; that he would no longer withhold his consent. The mother had, perhaps, really yielded before this time. So the daughter was married by the sanction of her parents, and in *their house*.

Even this last circumstance is no insignificant matter. A church, indeed, is a most suitable place to witness so important a solemnity as marriage; but, excepting that, none other is so fitting as the paternal mansion. How revolting would it seem to a young lady, should a gentleman propose to her, in any other ceremonial, that she should be not waited upon, but advancing, *assisting*, as it were, *to the rendezvous*. In *this case*, I would think, least of all. And though the reproach may never be expressed by the party proposing, yet I doubt not but the lady loses some degrees in his respect by this compliance.

But my reader is good enough to be interested in the progress of my last hero and heroine. The son-in-law in a few years found himself the favorite and valued friend of the family who had received him; and more recently, when their very large fortune was apportioned to the heirs, he, in right of his wife, shared equally with the other members of the family.

It may be observed that there is a preliminary faithfulness from parents to their children concerning this point, which, if it have been disregarded or neglected, affords the greatest extenuation to the latter, which the case of an unsuitable marriage admits of. And this is where the parents have given no warning or intimation of discontent in the society and attentions of a young gentleman visiting their daughter. If they have allowed one, who they intended should never be permitted to intermarry in their family, the freedom and inti-

macy of their house, though they have not abetted, yet have they in a sort unwarily betrayed their daughter into the connection which now they affect to condemn. It was a result naturally to be expected from such a state of things. They have exposed the young man, and deceived him into seeking a marriage to which otherwise he would not probably have aspired. Let those who are not improper as *acquaintances*, be, for good neighborhood’s sake, not excluded from your house on occasions of general association; but if you will not let them marry your daughters, guard sedulously that your hospitality does not go beyond this. The intimacy of your parlor may seem to imply somewhat more than you intend. I have even heard, with some very vain persons, of the baseness of giving countenance to more humble aspirants, to swell the list of a daughter’s train, and so provoke the rivalry of *acceptable* suitors; but I believe such manœuvring not frequent—not of easy imposition upon any young man who has spirit enough to *take care of himself*. But against less gross practices perhaps he is in more danger.

I now recollect an aggravated case of this kind, where a young gentleman, of fine person, of engaging talents and address, was the allowed, indeed, the solicited guest of a family. He was the constant attendant and chaperon of the female inmates. His accomplished flute, or his rich volume of voice, was the accompaniment of the daughter’s piano; and his gallant and dexterous sportsmanship constituted him the favored companion of the father’s hunting, fishing, or fowling excursions. The mother was pleased with his complacent good humor, and his obliging cleverness to whatever occasion or purpose it suited. Was it strange, then, that he was beguiled by all around him? Was it strange that he loved the daughter, or that she reciprocated the sentiment? Under these circumstances, that the parents should affect a refusal to the connection was not an instance of a merely deferred prudence, but—of a hard-hearted profligacy! Yet they did so refuse; for the young gentleman, accomplished and amiable though he was, yet possessed not sterling worth of character, or of purpose, or stability. His opportunities had not been good. Early bereaved of his father, his mother had not been sufficient, except for his outward education. And the time spent with the riding or the fencing master, at the dancing-school, and with the music teacher, had not only encroached on the hours of mental application, but had established their own spirit, and superinduced a light and dissipated turn—a taste for the easy and the graceful, and a positive revulsion from the arduous and the requiring, however necessary. The young lady’s father was not at fault in his perspicacity—he perceived and knew this at once; yet was his head so much better than his heart—yet was he so selfish and so unprincipled that he let the *liason* confirm itself upon the young people, and *then* would fain have forbidden the banns! But it was too late. Neither was it a fair argument which he pleaded in excuse of his denial, that the gentleman was not a proper match for his daughter. It is true that he

was not; for she was greatly his superior, both in qualities and by training. And the fair pride which the father might have assumed for his daughter, was but an impertinent assertion, as the case now stood. They were married; and the only child of her parents was forbidden their house, whilst they were left bereaved and disconsolate, and all in consequence of their own wanton, heedless *disregard of household regulation*.

The last I heard concerning them, the young couple were living, if not in absolute want, yet in circumstances of narrow deprivation; for the husband was incapable of business, having neither the steadiness nor the information necessary for affairs; whilst the poor parents were suffering the worse mortification of an unendeared and distasteful luxury, which had been provided for their child, and which served only to remind them of her constrained desertion. But it was the ordering of Providence that they should not enjoy the things in which, perhaps, they had been too entirely absorbed. But since they accept not of this admonition, to any wise use—since, though old, they have not taken hold of the comforts of piety—they continue still to languish out their unsolaced existence—pining and wretched amidst the unappropriated abundance which surrounds them.

Gentle reader, yet one other variety of elopement, which has come under my observation, and I am done. I remember of yore a beautiful sylph-like young creature, of about fifteen summers. Abiding in the same town, and now a student in college, was a young gentleman about five years her senior. It took a very short time after their introduction for them to form an engagement. This was sanctioned by the parents of the lady, (the gentleman was from abroad,) with the proviso that they should wait the expiration of his term in college before they married. And this stipulation, one would think, were unnecessary, inasmuch as it is *contrary to law* that a student does marry during the college course. However, for the sake of performing a romance, perhaps, one *moonlight evening* Miss D. stepped *through a window*, instead of out the door, which was impertinently convenient, and ascending a carriage, was *wheeled away* to a *justice of the peace*—the nearest similitude to the Blacksmith of Gretna Green—and *married*—having previously procured, in some clandestine way, a *special license*, instead of awaiting the publishment of banns for three successive Sabbaths by a *priest*. The parents missed their daughter, but were in no great consternation or anxiety concerning her, knowing that, as she *had no where else to go*, she must of course *come home* again. The only reason why she had not asked their consent, at this time, was that she *knew they were perfectly willing* for the connection; and it would have marred the consistency of her stratagem to have gone on in a regular way. So, after having spent two or three weeks in the usual bridal excursion, they returned home, and the daughter rushed into the house, and throwing herself incontinently at the feet of her parents, implored their forgiveness for the *rash step* she had taken, &c.

This young lady had only read too many novels. But, alas! she enjoyed all this farce of romance better in the beginning than she did in the sequel of "poetical justice." The gentleman, though not unpromising when she married him, yet soon merged into vice; and the poverty which soon followed, in his course of inebriety, she submitted to with what grace she could, was bitter enough. They lived together a few years, when he fell a victim to dissipation; and she, having tasted enough of novel-like romance, is corrected of her folly, and is now a reasonable and pious-minded widow. Recently it was related in her presence, that a runaway heroine, being overtaken by her parents, had performed a little *ruse* to excite their sympathy and forgiveness. When the parents got into her room, having bursted the bolted locks, they found her lying, with closed eyes and *disheveled tresses*, upon the floor, and at a little distance a nearly empty two ounce bottle, labelled "LAUDANUM." Alas! poor parents, how was their horror, after its first relief, changed into a mixture of indignation and shame, when the chemist, having assayed the remaining drops of the bottle, pronounced it to contain nothing more baleful than—*sweetened water*! When this story was related to our widow, she checked her first irresistible outbreak of humor, and with a deep, and deeper blush, cut short the derisive censure of her own remark, adding in a somewhat low tone, "But, indeed, young people *can* do things too absurd almost for old people to believe." Her sense of rectitude could have supplied a more fitting epithet than "absurd" to this gross violation of domestic and of social duties; but, humbled by the recollection of her former self, she acquiesced in this one more instance of that reflected shame which had visited her bosom, and pointed its consciousness through life. And yet this was but the lesser and lighter phase of the subject. In her piety to God, and in her deeper convictions, as her repentance was sincere, she had also been better consoled; and though her fault had not been very aggravated, yet had it drawn a notoriety upon her modest parents, shamed their propriety, and subjected them to the unfair imputation of having neglected her early principles of discretion. But now that she had attained to the more thorough and enlarged principles of holy rule, she perceived *where the shortcoming* had been, and said within herself, "If, instead of an isolated principle—a mere selfish rule—my caretakers had placed my feet upon the 'Rock of ages,' I had not fallen—I *could not* have erred. Yet, mixed with the fallacies of their philosophy, do I acknowledge the consentings of *my own wicked will*; and as such is our tendency—our liability by nature—it points the excellency of that restraining grace which is sufficient to all the exigencies of humanity." But the recurring shame which continued to place its symbol on her brow, she suffered meekly, adding, "I would not gainsay this, if I could. The little disturbance is salutary within. Hidden away in the grace of God, my patience covers it; and for the outward exhibition it shows the beautiful economy of Providence, which

tends to conserve *order*, even in her own elements. 'In confidence, too,' I will tell it; and if the youthful observer is wise, it shall be to her—a *beacon*."

I am aware that the instance may frequently occur, that it is not to the *heedless* that I need address myself. Alas! it is by the prevalence of an opposite vice that my warning is of supererogation; not too much carelessness, but too much *avidity* is the shame. And our romantic young lady is informed that elopements are quite out of taste—quite antiquated; that demonstrations of this sort, or any ultraism of sentiment, or of its counterfeit, stands in rather broad contrast to the prevailing taste of the day, which is more for *luxury* than for *love*, and that many a belle prefers her father's stately mansion, in the centre of the city, over the "sweetest cottage" in the most "sequestered dell" of which she has ever read. A Brussels carpet is softer to her foot than all the mosses of the shade; and she prefers lobster salad over cream and strawberries—if—they "must be gathered where they grow." And this *sensible girl*, if she cannot step out of her father's house into one quite as splendid, decides that she may as well stay where she is, and take her chance for a more equal proposal.

But levity apart, for I feel that it is unworthy of my subject, unworthy to follow the more solemn admonition and the *reference* to which it is pointed, I will add that I have been perfectly sincere and in earnest, and not at all captious. And, at a partial view, although I rejoice that I have not myself a daughter to involve me in the possible disgrace of an *elopement*, yet, did I not abide in a more enlarged philosophy, should I envy the mother who is possessed of pious and obedient ones.

I have addressed my subject to the young and the reclaimable; but the *married woman*, who can abandon her home, her husband, her children, her duties, and her vows, comes not within the category of my censure. She is not only lost, but *unprincipled*; and as the mercy of Heaven is accorded to every penitent, all should say, amen, yet do I concur, that decent society, in guarding its members, owes her no further consideration—no countenance—no obligation, *ever* to receive her again within its ranks.

CONSTANTIA.

## A DAY IN A RAILROAD CAR.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

A LONG period must elapse before the accumulation of human existences and the progress of society shall carry the New England people forward to that philosophic indifference to individual character and history which characterizes an older civilization. They are as yet but an extended family circle. Even our huge railroad cars, which very nearly reduce humanity to floating particles, have not yet divested our travellers of their customary social charities and interests. I was struck with some illustrations of this truth during a day's travel over the railroad that traverses Massachusetts. This road passes through the most populous part of our state after its magnificent passage over the hills of Berkshire, where a work of immense labour and beautiful art is brought into striking contrast with savage nature, and set off with the accessories of fir-covered hills, wild glens, and headlong mountain streams. Along this road some of the peculiarities of our stirring population are manifested. At each village there is a swarm of fresh passengers, and at each station a dispersion, and however brief their transit may be, there is some trifling intercommunication that discloses the condition and objects of the parties. In a similar situation in Europe the individuals, each comprising in his own existence a world of interests, purposes and hopes, would make their entrances and exits without exciting more sensation or inquiry than the luggage thrown into the baggage car.

I like this social life; it is the beating of a healthy human heart that sends pulsations throughout the frame of society. It may occasionally license idle and inconvenient curiosity, but this is a trifling evil, and so considerably mitigated by the progress of civilization that since the death of the Dutchman who, according to that veracious chronicler of such matters, Diedrich Knickerbocker, was put to the question by a Yankee, we have never heard of its involving fatal consequences.

On the occasion to which I have alluded a young friend and myself started from Pittsfield for Boston. In a few minutes we had glided from a neighbourhood where each house and tree has the familiar look of an old acquaintance. The passengers were all strangers to us, and we probably betrayed the stiffness and reserve incident to a new position, for one of those active minded people who assume to themselves the breaking down of all conventional fences took pity on us, and looking over my companion's shoulder at a volume of *Childe Harold*, which she was reading, asked her "if she were fond of poetry?" The sort of smile that accompanied her inaudible answer did not encourage him

to proceed, and he broke ground with me by asking me "if I knew a young person in black who was sitting alone at the end of the car?" "I had never seen her before." "So I expected, ma'am," said he; "I don't think there is any one in the car does know her, for I have asked several. The conductor says she came aboard at Albany. I asked her if she lived there! 'No,' she said. I asked her where she did live? She seemed to sigh as it were, and said she had lived far west. She is alone, and so bashful that I did not love to ask her many questions—maybe you will be able to find her out, ma'am." As I looked again at the timid girl and caught the expression of a face of most striking sweetness and modesty I secretly wished I might.

But my friend's lively interests did not all settle down on this pretty young creature. "You know that old gentleman, of course, ma'am?" he said, pointing to an elderly gentleman a little in advance and on one side of us, with a velvet cap on his head and an eye remarkable for its acuteness riveted to the newspaper he was reading. I confessed I did not. "Why is it possible! He is the ex-President, Mr. Adams!" I naturally manifested so much pleasure at this information, and gazed at the venerated statesman with such excited attention that my new friend offered to introduce me to him! I rather impertinently asked if he were acquainted with him. "Not much," he said; "I got into the car at Pittsfield only; but I have had some talk with him upon the petition question, and find him quite sociable." I was saved the pain of refusing the proffered hospitality by a call for the Westfield passengers; and my new friend left us, regretting so much the sudden disruption of our acquaintance that if we should ever meet again it will probably be on the most intimate footing.

Mr. Adams was not left long in the quiet enjoyment of his newspaper; the rumour of the great presence had spread through all the passenger cars, and a lady, attended by some dozen men and women, came from a forward car into ours, and while her companions stood in the vacant space about the stove made her way between furred cloaks and MacIntoshes to Mr. Adams. "She could not lose so good an opportunity," she said, "to express her admiration of his course in congress; all her friends admired it; she read every one of his speeches; and she made her children read them; and her son John knew a great many passages by heart; her son's name was John Quincy Adams!" All this was urbanely received, and as the lady turned to go to her place her eyes fell on the little girl in black, who had moved her seat to a chair near us.

"How do you do, my dear?" said she; "I did not know you had come on to-day: so, you did not find your friends in Albany?" "No ma'am." "Dear me! 'twas a trial to you, was not it?" The girl made no answer except by a slight quivering of her lips, and the good-natured woman proceeded to propose she should migrate into the next car with her. "The places are all full there, to be sure," she said, "but I'll ask Mr. Smith to take your place here; and it will be so much more sociable for you to be with those you are acquainted with." It was quite evident the young person was not inclined to this mode of sociability. She made a pretext of some luggage she had by her for not wishing to quit her seat, and declined moving. I made a bold push and arresting the stranger-lady for a moment said in a whisper, "You are acquainted with that young person?" "Oh yes—that is, she rode in the car with us from Utica to Albany. I live in Utica; my father is one of the oldest inhabitants." She was proceeding to give me the statistics of Utica when I again recurred to the pretty stranger. "You have only, then, a three hours' acquaintance with her?" "Not much more; she went into the hotel with me at Albany, and left me to look up some relations, on the father's side I think she said;—I guess she is an orphan.—Somehow I did not like to ask her direct, but orphans, you know, always have a peculiar look. Amanda-Anne asked her her name—Amanda-Anne is my daughter—she took such an interest in her, and so did Miss Gilchrist—Miss Gilchrist of Bond street—" "What is her name?" I asked. "Oh yes—I was speaking of that—her name is Lizzy Dale—it is not a distinguished sounding name, do you think it is, ma'am?—however, my interest in her was the same—it must be a trial to travel alone so far." "Far! do you know where she comes from?" "Not exactly; she told us she came down Lake Erie, so it must be to the west of that. Excuse me, ma'am, I seem to be in the conductor's way here." It was no seeming: our whispered confab was broken off, and the good lady returned to her car, much to the conductor's relief.

We stopped an age, by railroad time, at Springfield—that is, some half hour. Some of the passengers went, post-haste, to steam down a dinner at the hotel; others flocked to a feeding-house, close at hand; and Lizzy Dale, my friend, and myself were left alone in the car. We begged her to partake our substantial sandwiches. She took the offer in kindness not as an intrusion, thanked us very sweetly, but declined, saying she had no appetite, and taking a biscuit from the little basket she carried in her lap she said she "ate only to get rid of a sensation of faintness." We fell into conversation on the convenient neutral ground of strangers, the weather, the beauty of the country, &c. She expressed herself with a propriety and delicacy that indicated education, and increased my interest in her. My companion and myself referred to old friends in Springfield, and pointed out places familiar to us. Lizzy Dale sighed and said, half

to herself, "I wish I could see any place I have ever seen before." I involuntarily looked at her. She turned away, went to a window on the opposite side, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Just then there came rattling up to the car an open barouche bringing a gentleman to be forwarded to Boston, as it appeared, a grandfather, whose wife and a daughter-in-law, with three or four lovely children, had come to see him off. It was evident they were not familiar with railroads, and this was a marked moment in the family history. "Is this a car, grandpapa?" exclaimed one of the little girls scrambling over the sofas and chairs—"it seems more like a house." "Julia, my dear," called out the mother, "keep close by the door; they won't give us a minute's time to get off." "Oh let the children enjoy themselves," said the good grandpapa, "you'll have ample warning." "My dear," said his careful wife, "are you sure this is the safest car?" "I take it for granted it is," he replied half bowing to us, "for I see the ladies are here; I always trust to their looking out for the safe places." "My dear, you should select one of the last passenger cars, for I read all the railroad accidents, and they always escape; and you must sit about in the middle of the car, to avoid some danger, I forget what it is—" "And near a window to avoid some other," replied the husband laughing, "I forget what that is—suffocation, probably: but I'll keep a good look-out, rely on't."

"Oh don't look out! that is most dangerous of all. You remember that dreadful accident?"

"Yes, I remember them all."

"Ah! you may laugh now; but promise me one thing; you'll be prepared for a collision—now pray don't laugh again—I mean be on your guard, keep it in mind."

"I have pleasanter things, my dear, to keep in mind. Hal, take good care of the chickens while I am gone."

"Yes sir, I will; and I don't mean to ask you to bring me anything, grandpapa; but if you should see a drum—I don't ask you to buy it, sir—but if you should happen to try it, and it makes a good thumping sound!"

"Then you would like it, Hal?"

"Yes, sir, I should."

"Ah Annie, come here," said the grandfather to a little girl apparently not more than three years old, who, with the instinctive sympathy of childhood, had crept on to the seat beside Lizzy Dale, and putting her arm over her shoulder, was saying "What are you so sorry for?" "Excuse the child, my dear," he added, with a glance at Lizzy Dale's blushing face that involuntarily expressed the same inquiry.

There began to be some movement preparatory to the resumption of our journey, and after many kissings and huggings the family parted, and the wagon drove off, and as long as we could see them the little people were waving handkerchiefs and kissing hands to grandpapa; and I did not wonder he was so cherished when I looked in his fresh,



kindly face, which indicated that the goodly fruits the heart bears were all ripened, none decayed. He, too, like the rest of us, was attracted by the little magnet, Lizzy Dale, and opening a basket, which he informed us his grandchildren had prepared for his refreshment, he discovered among fine pears and apples a single bunch of grapes. "Now that's pretty," said he; "the boy you saw here, my Hal, has picked the only bunch of grapes on his vine—the dog shall have his drum—take them, my dear," to Lizzy, "you refuse the pears and apples; you can't refuse these; they were put here on purpose for you." Lizzy Dale took them; and I believe if she had followed the bidding of her heart she would have laid her head on his kind bosom and "cried it out," so much was the solitary girl evidently touched by his fatherly tone and manner. But this was neither a time nor place for such demonstrations. The cars filled up, and a young woman with a profusion of pink ribbons on a blue silk bonnet, and flowers of all colours resting on plump cheeks that out-bloomed them all, dashing ear-rings, and a painted brooch, an American imitation of Roman mosaic, dropped into a seat beside Lizzy Dale; first, however, carefully stowing away a bandbox and parasol, and arranging on her lap a basket, a reticule, and a pocket-handkerchief trimmed with broad Swiss lace. She was alone too, but so self-sufficient and self-protecting a person as to save us from painful sympathy. One could hardly look at her and Lizzy Dale, brought into this accidental juxtaposition, without thinking of the china and earthen jars of the fable. The earthen jar soon began sundry knocks in the guise of questions, such as, "Do you know that young gentleman in a frock coat with whiskers? Do you admire whiskers? Is not that tuft of hair what they call an imperial, or is it a mouse-tache? Do you know who that young lady is in a leg'orn? Do you think leg'orns or Tuscans, or Rutland braid will be fashionable next summer? Did you ever work in a factory? Do you like tending the looms, or spinning best? Oh, I didn't understand you—you ain't acquainted with either? Perhaps you prefer the paper business?" Getting very brief and negative answers to this torrent of questions, she changed to the narrative style, and proceeded to detail her own experience. She stated the relative advantages of a residence at North Adams, Chicapee, and Lowell; enumerated their several educational advantages and "society privileges," and concluded with a digression on the profits of female factory labour, rather implying that hers was performed *en amateur*.

To this part of her discourse Lizzy Dale lent an attentive ear, and in return asked several questions.—"Were there private boarding-houses where a young person might be retired when not at work? Could she name any widow, or elderly persons keeping such a boarding-house? Could a person quite unacquainted with that sort of labour soon learn it?" These questions, though uttered in a low and tremulous voice, were distinctly heard by

our good grandpapa. Hearing in some cases is wonderfully preserved by keeping the heart free from incrustation. He sat directly before Lizzy Dale, and after fidgeting on his seat he turned to her and said, "My dear, my dear, factory business is a very good business; there's no one respects our factory girls more than I do; they are an honour to the country. It is a very suitable business for those—for those it's suitable to. But I would not advise you, my dear, to be thinking of it: excuse me, my dear, I speak to you as if you were my child; old folks, you know, take liberties."

"Oh, sir, I am sure it's no liberty, and you are very, very kind." And from that moment the poor child looked less timid, less desolate; at least till we were entering the Boston depot, when the factory girl said to her, "My cousin Ferdinand Pease will be at the depot; I suppose there'll be some one expecting you?"

"No one expects me," she replied.

"Well, good night," said the factory lady, marching off with her bandbox to put herself in cousin Ferdinand's field of vision. "The conductor will take care of you; he takes care of every body that's got nobody to take care of them."

"That's not your case, my dear," said Lizzy's friend. "We old people are not good for much, but we are the safest protectors for pretty young girls. I am going to get a carriage to take me to my lodgings, and you must let me set you down at your stopping place."

Lizzy Dale replied with many thanks, that she was afraid it was too far; that she was going to a boarding-house in Charlestown, kept by a lady her father had once known. "So much the better, my dear; I want a little ride after being shut up here, and we shall get better acquainted;" and off he ran, active as a boy, for the carriage. I imitated the good man so far as to give Lizzy Dale my card, and beg her to come and see me, and we went away to our different destinations.

I seized upon the next morning as unappropriated time to make a visit to a very old friend of my family, Miss Stuart, familiarly known to three generations as Miss Priscy, a name that always strikes on a chord of cheerful and most pleasant vibrations. I had not seen her for many years, and in the mean while time and chance had done some of their unkindest work upon her, stripping her of her nearest kindred, diminishing her little fortune to a mere pittance, and maiming her by the incurable fracture of one of her limbs; besides heaping on her the common infirmities of age. I confess I wished the meeting over; I dreaded seeing her with her hopeful temper vanquished, and her pleasant stream of cheerfulness all dried away. She lived alone, in a boarding-house, the most desolate of all lives. The servant who opened the door said, if I were not a stranger Miss Priscy would thank me to walk up stairs, as it was troublesome for her to get up and down. "Here I am, a wreck," she said, after the first salutations were over; "but I keep my flag flying, as my uncle, the old com-

modest, used to say he would, as long as there was a timber of his ship floating." Miss Priscy has had her day of harmless vanities and innocent triumphs, and there are tokens that they still dwell pleasantly in her memory in the rose-coloured ribbons on her cap, and the ear-rings she still wears when even our young beauties have discarded these barbaric ornaments. She spoke of her losses since we had last met, but without complaint or repining. "I find it difficult getting about," she said, "but I have few friends left to go and see, and so that does not much matter. My little income has dwindled; but you know the poet says, 'Man wants but little here below,' and I am sure woman wants less, especially a lone woman like me, who has no one to share it with. And then there is such a pleasure in making a little last; in having all your calculations come out right; in paying your debts as they come due—a luxury now-a-days that seems left to poor people; and in having a little something over, for those that want it more than you do. I sometimes feel like a monument written all over with the names of the departed; but they are the names of the good and the loved; and one at three score and ten must expect to be journeying on alone, and thankful if they can look up to the celestial city and see their people gathered there. But make the best of it, my dear; this loneliness is cold and sad." A tear stole down the furrows of her cheek. I asked her if she had not a niece that could live with her? "You forget," she said, "how time flies: the girls are all married long ago. No, I must rough it out alone, as well as I can; but," she added, as if to check my too sad sympathy, "I have not got into the 'Dismal Swamp' yet; I live among the living; come down stairs with me, and see my little parlour. This is not a boarding-house; I have my own rooms and a maid, and a privilege in the kitchen; so that I can keep my tea-table, and have something like a home, and house-keeping, and hospitality. Boarding-house life is too much on the community plan: I believe the association people reckon some sixteen hundred individuals to a perfect being; and to tell you the truth, I think a woman who passes her life in a boarding-house is about the sixteen-hundredth part of the mistress of a well-ordered household."

"You seem not to approve, my dear Miss Priscy, of this mode of living in community which is just going into operation in your neighbourhood, under such high auspices."

"I don't; my dear, I don't. There's no use in trying to be wiser than Providence. 'God set the solitary in families,' and I think it is the prettiest contrivance for happiness and virtue that ever was hit upon." She hobbled down stairs slowly, her tongue going much faster than her feet, and opening the door into her little parlour—"Here," she said, "is many a memorial of family life and love, which keep alive and fresh in my heart the sense of home—a solitary old woman as I am, I dwell in its atmosphere. There is the picture of my grandfather; how well I remember him in his judicial

robes: there are no such men now-a-days. This is the picture of my mother; she was the beauty of her time. As I remember her, she was not so young, nor quite so beautiful, but I think no one ever had so sweet a look." Thanks to Him who "set the solitary in families," thought I, that unequalled sweet look belongs to most mothers.—"This," she said, pointing to one of Copley's most brilliant portraits, "was my eldest sister Esther; she was painted in her bridal dress. That white brocade with that single maidenblush rose in her bosom—it would not seem quite the thing now-a-days to wear a dress made like that, but then it was the custom, and custom is everything. There never was a lovelier woman to look at, or a modester: I believe she would have blushed at an immodest thought passing through another person's mind."

This rather ultra proof of modesty caused me to look more attentively at the beautiful face of the young bride, separate from her dress; which being painted in Copley's most elaborate style, rather impaired the effect of a face of such exquisite delicacy that it might have been taken for that of an ideal vestal. I was struck with its resemblance to some face I had recently seen, but before I had time to arrest the floating image and verify the fancied resemblance, Miss Priscy passed on to another picture and another, and another, illustrating each with some family trait or anecdote. "I am never alone in this room," said she; "they are not pictures to me. I talk to them, and if they don't answer me, I am sure they hear me." She drew me to a corner of the room where stood a little round mahogany table covered with family relics. "Here," said she, opening a rich old ebony knife-case, inlaid with ivory, "here are the first silver forks that ever came into the Province of Massachusetts. Ah, there has been many a pleasant gathering round this table. I remember when first Esther made tea at it. My father called her the little Queen; there's nothing to compare with her now-a-days. Here is one more thing you must examine." She drew to the window a high-backed chair, covered with a patch she had recently made of relics of the family brocades, and in the centre of the upright back, the family heraldry, emblazoned in silver embroidery. There is nothing that brings back the past to a woman's memory more vividly than bits of gowns worn on family festivals, or great social epochs; but just at the moment Miss Priscy was dilating on them my attention was caught (we were standing at the window) by two figures crossing the street; the one was an elderly gentleman holding by one hand, with a sort of Roger de Coverley courtesy, a young girl, and in the other a large paper parcel from which two drumsticks peeped! My friend's eyes followed the direction of mine. "Do you know those people?" she asked. "Yes; that is, I came to town in the car with them." "Ah!" said she, and reverted to the chair, and my car acquaintances disappeared turning round the house which made the corner of the street. Presently there was a ringing of the door-

bell, and a moment after Miss Priscy's maid brought light in Lizzy Dale. Her face lighted up on seeing me, but after we had shaken hands, and exchanged greetings, she looked more sad and embarrassed than I had seen her at any moment on the previous day. "I am sorry, my dear," said Miss Priscy, "that I don't recollect you, but you must not mind that; tell me your grandmother's name, and I dare say I shall; I tell all the girls, I knew your grandmothers, girls; a generation (turning to me), like Jonah's gourd, grows up in one day and perishes the next, but I should know you my child; your face comes over me somehow like an old song."

"My name is Dale, ma'am—Lizzy Dale."

"Dale!—Dale!—I have heard the name, but when or where I can't remember. Dale!"

"You will remember my mother's name, ma'am, better. Esther Vassal, the second daughter of Miss Stuart's sister, Esther Stuart."

My old friend sunk down into the patch-chair, took both Lizzy's hands and "fell to perusing of her face," with deep and silent emotion. After a brief space, "kiss me, my dear little girl," she said, "I see through it all. Is she not the image of that picture?" Copley's lovely bride.

"I thought so," I said, "when first I saw it."

"Did you now? well how providential! You are not so handsome though, my dear; grandchildren never are so handsome as their grandparents. Take off your bonnet and shawl, my dear. You are mine for to-day, at any rate."

I rose to go.

"Don't you wish to stay and hear her story?" asked my friend.

"She will tell it better to you alone," I replied.

"So she will, that's natural; but come soon again and I will tell you all about her."

I whispered a congratulation to Lizzy upon having found so kind a relative, and came away, leaving Miss Priscy in the antique patch-chair, and Lizzy on a low ottoman at her feet, a picture ready for a painter's hand.

In the evening I received the following note from Miss Stuart.

"My dear friend:—I feel how happy the woman in Scripture was, when she found her lost piece of silver. I cannot sleep till I tell you about my found treasure. The story of my little angel, (I must call her so to you,) if it were written by Charles Dickens would, bating that Lizzy is living, be as heart-breaking as Nelly's. You must come

and hear it. All that I can say at present is, that we lost sight of my sister Esther's children—she dying in England and leaving them young among her husband's relations. One of her daughters married her music-master, one Dale, a worthless man; this, poor Lizzy did not tell me though, and they came when Lizzy was twelve years old, to New Orleans; her mother died there, and from that time her father has been going with her from pillar to post, and finally he died in St. Louis and left her with nothing under heaven but a harp and a piano.

"Some good people there turned them into money, and advising her to come to Boston, and look up her mother's relations, they forwarded her on, and hither she came, by stage-coaches, steamers, and rail-cars, without meeting with accident, insult, or impertinence; this beautiful, young, unprotected girl. It brought to my mind certain lines. You know I was fond of committing poetry in my youth.

'So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her.'

"Well, thanks to a kind Providence, she is here, and here she shall stay—my sofa-bed fits her as if it were made for her. It was of no use to me before, and I hate useless things. In fact she seems to fit in everywhere. She will be eyes, *feet*, memory to me; how have I lived without her! She is so bright and happy to-night that I can hardly keep my eyes off from her. She is—*almost*—as handsome as her grandmother. Come and drink tea with us before you leave town and see how happy we are—how grateful I am.

"Ever yours affectionately,

PRISCY S—.

"P. S. I forgot to tell you that Lizzy's father, who never gave her anything else, did give her a first-rate musical education; and that my kind friend Mrs. Lee, who has just been in here, has promised her the instruction of her little girls; so that *if* I grow old and crusty she will never have the pain of dependence on me."

My friend is certainly a living proof that the Italian proverb is not always true.

"Il piu sapienti è il piu beato."

"The wisest is the most blessed."

## Original.

### A GRAMMATICAL LUCUBRATION.

"MAN," grammatically rendered, is a noun substantive; but that is his name merely—*efficiently* speaking, we know he is a *verb*; for his vocation is *to be, to do, and to suffer*. And all his modifications will accord with these in their variety. The man *active*, besides individual function, passes over and *governs*, even in "*objective* cases;" and as agent in one or other capacity, he fills the whole scope of performances, and effects all that is effected in this world of ours—God ruling it, and *overruling* to those happenings and issues which unallied man were too short-sighted or too vain to foresee or to control.

Man, the verb *passive*, with intelligence and heart—with limbs, muscles, and sinews—and especially with *instruction*, is still more faulty than the former. His impulses to good often denied—his power of activity neglected and disused. Requiring all, and rendering nought, he hides his talent under a bushel—he rusts in sloth—he succumbs to the reaction of his own system, and is finally lapsed into a moral, mental, spiritual *non-entity*—his *physical* still cumbering the earth.

And the *verb neuter*, as appertaining to certain some, is still more disgraceful than the latter, (seeming to imply power without ability, means without spirit, fullness without liberality.) The imbecile is paralyzed by selfishness and besotted by ease—repressing the exercise of volition, action, and free agency. He is neither alive to patriotism, nor sensible to genius, nor accessible to want, nor "an entertainer of the Spirit;" and denying at once his body, his mind, his heart, and his soul, he is indeed not a "being," but only "a state of being."

The *world* itself, we should say, were by eminence the noun substantive, being indeed of substance, yet subject to many modifications, to continual fluctuation, now *nominating* its verb, and now (in portions) the

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\* Babel. † Egypt.

object of it—the *noun of multitude* having more influence, in most cases, than the noun singular can have; and it may at convenience be made to agree with the *one* or the *many*, as the case may be.

And what is the *pronoun*? The poor *slave* is the pronoun, “standing for a noun,” but not a noun—not for *himself*, but for another—for whom (taking him also to our *verb* list) he is made to be “active, passive, neuter!”

And the *adjective*?—is the parasite—the “humble,” “obedient,” “devoted,” “most grateful” *adjunct*—never a principal.

The *adverb* is the word of *ways* and *means*, of *measures* and *times*, and allies itself necessarily with all matters, small and great, being itself but the *media* thereof.

The *participle*, a word of retrospective mood, shows us what is *past*, sometimes also being *perfected*—sometimes in the *compound* of the *perfect*—even unto the salvation of such as will, Christ *having died* for all.

The *conjunction* is a necessity of nature in all its particles, and of established consequence. Without it, “chaos were come again.”

*Prepositions* seem to us more like legal quiddities than like any better thing—chiefly the *from* and the *to* of *transfer*—*by* the lawyer.

And the *interjection*?—is nature’s pathos—of all organized being, as of humanity—the ocean’s sob and sough—the sigh or the imprecation of the air—the throe of the earthquake—the fire percussion—all, all—with the sadder and deeper *O!’s* and *Ah!’s* of human dissolution! *These are interjections.*

The *a* and the *the*, our soul *then*. with spontaneous reverence *knows*, as its ultimate and its only—the “beginner and the finisher”—its *all* in *all*—*the one*.

C. M. B.



## Original.

## A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

ALONE—and on the smooth, hard, sandy shore of the boundless sea. A lovelier morning never dawned upon the world of nature. Oh, how balmy, how clear, how soul-subduing, how invigorating is the air. Calmness sits throned upon the unmoving clouds, whose colors are like the sky, only of a deeper hue. The green waves with their undulating swell, come rolling in upon the sand, making a plaintive music sweeter than the blended harmonies of a thousand instruments. Would that I might leap in, and wrestle with them, and, when overcome with fatigue, lay my heated brow upon those cool and watery billows, rocked to and fro as in a cradle, while my lullaby would be the moaning of the sea. The mists of morning are all dispelled, and the glorious sunshine, emblem of God's love, is bathing with effulgent light the ocean before me, and behind me, the mountains and valleys of my own loved country. Look—how the white-caps chase each other along the watery plain, like milk-white steeds, striving in their freedom to oustrip the breeze. Whence comes this breeze, and whither is it going? Three days ago, at set of sun, it spread its wings near to a spring in the sandy desert of Africa, where a caravan of camels and horses and men had halted for the night. Its course is onward, and, at the dawning of to-morrow, it will be sporting with the forest-trees of the western wilderness. Far as the eye can reach, "the sea is sprinkled o'er with ships," their white sails gleaming in the sunlight. One of them has just returned from India, another from the Pacific and another from the Arctic sea. Years have rolled by since they departed hence. They have been exposed to a thousand dangers, but the great God who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, has conducted them in safety to their desired homes. How many silent prayers of thanksgiving will ascend to heaven, and what a thrilling and joyous shout will echo to the shore, as those mariners drop the anchor in their native waters! Yonder too, are some with their sails just spread, bound to the remotest corners of the earth! They seem to rejoice in their beauty and speed, and proud is their bearing—but will they ever return? Alas! the shadowy future alone can answer. Yonder—on that fisherman's stake a little sparrow has just alighted, facing the main! It has been lured away from the green bowers of home, by the music of the sea, and is now gazing, perhaps with feelings kindred to my own upon the most magnificent structure of the Almighty hand. But see—it spreads its wings again, and is dashing towards the water, fearless and free. Ah! it has gone too near, for the spray moistens its wing! There—there it goes, frightened back to its native woodland! That little bird, so far as its importance and power are concerned, seems to me a fit emblem of the mind of man; and this mighty, ever heaving, and boundless ocean, an appropriate symbol of the mind of God.

## A VISION.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

I WALKED out on a bright morning early in May, when nature was unsealing her fountains of life and beauty. The rivers, brooks, all the water-courses down to the tiniest rill were filled to the brim by the flowing Spring rains. Their voices, from the gushing torrent to the little silver thread of a stream that softly stole through the meadow, sung their release from their winter prison. The violet was opening its blue eye, the anemone staring the fresh herbage, and all the early flowers, like chary maidens, were timidly unfolding their beauties. The willows along the river side were already in full leaf and tasseled, and the shrubs were fragrant with out-budding life. On the hill side the young leaves of the beech and maple, mingling with the dark foliage of the firs which had braved and outlasted winter, looked like youth gracefully sporting about maturity. And in beautiful harmony with this was the bright green of the winter grain contrasted with the sombre brown of the newly ploughed earth dotted with the potato crops, and just perforated by the sun-loving Indian corn. Cattle were keenly feeding on the fresh grass of the lowlands, and sheep nibbling on the hill side. The birds had come to their summer home, and pleasant tasks. The males were singing, wooing, and roving at their own wild will, while the females, good wives and household dames, were providing for the future lords of their aerial creation. The air was filled with the sound of young life: with the dissonant cries of the domestic birds, and the flutter and hum of millions of insects. The sky was bright and clear: save where a breezy cloud sailed over it, so light that it dissolved while my eye followed it.

I sat down on a fallen trunk of a tree under a curtain of budding grape-leaves. I felt satisfied with the mere pleasure of existence. I wondered at those who staid at home, and drudged over household tasks when nature was proclaiming a holiday that might waken to joyous life and call forth the dulllest human snail housed in its winter's shell.

By degrees the monotonous music of the brook lulled me into forgetfulness. I fell into a drowsy reverie and from reverie to sleep; but not sleep of an ordinary kind. My senses preserved their power unshackled by gross mortal elements and unlimited in their action by time or space. I seemed suddenly endowed with the *clairvoyance* of the Mesmerites, but with this remarkable advantage over them, that I am permitted to show to those who will but open their eyes what was revealed to my closed senses; and that while they ask faith in startling novelties I only impart self-evident truths. I was not conscious of any change in the vividness

of my sensations. The scene was as distinctly before me as while I was awake; the only difference was an indefinite extension of power. As I gazed two lovely forms appeared before me, as if the air had become incorporate; and so fresh with youth and beauty that they seemed like an impersonation of the spring time. The one was a Hebe in form and expression; her garments were light and flowing, in no sort constraining, impeding, or encumbering her. She gathered the sweet violets at her feet, and the anemones from the moist margin of the brook, and wove them together in a circlet for her brow which no care had ever touched. Her companion wore an amaranth wreath as a symbol of immortality. She had not quite the plumpness and freshness of her sister; for sisters they were; but there was a spirituality in her expression that indicated a celestial destiny. Her's was the beauty of reflection; something that welled up from a living fountain in the soul, the result of a felicitous animal condition. I asked their names. "Our names," replied the elder, "are implied in our offices. Observe the one, and you will know the other."

I did observe them, and as I said before, without limit of time or space; and I soon learned that their mission was to bless the human race, but that powerful as they were, nothing could be effected without the co-operation of those to whom they were sent.

Strange to say, they were most praised when absent. Every one theoretically acknowledged their worth, and agreed in admiring their beauty, but few cherished them; some seemed stupidly unconscious of their presence, and many grossly abused them to their faces, but the moment their backs were turned they were regretted and praised. Nothing was enjoyed without them; they were sought by sacrifice and pilgrimage, and if their favour was irrecoverable, life was one long complaint, made up of suffering days and sleepless nights.

She of the amaranth wreath did sometimes linger with those her sister had abandoned. She could not remove but she sanctified their sufferings and shed an attractive light over them, that drew their friends around them even more than while they were the favourites of her beautiful sister. This I marked, *she only staid at the bidding of Religion*. No inferior power could detain her after her sister was gone.

There was no habitable place on the globe which the sisters did not visit, but as I naturally felt most interested in their movements in my own country, I here most narrowly observed them. One sad con-

fession truth compels me to make. I saw fewer signs of their friendship among my own country-people than elsewhere. Their intimates could never be mistaken; there was a certain clearness in their eyes, brightness on their cheeks, elasticity in their movements and animation in their voices that infallibly betokened the proximity and favour of the sisters.

"Why," I asked with some impatience, "why this partiality? why do you so soon forsake my people, when I see you abroad with English men and women in parks, gardens, and pleasure grounds, maintaining with them a hearty friendship through the seven stages of life; you follow too, the poor Swiss mountaineers and dwell with them under the shadow of their icy mountains, faring hard and working hard for a hundred years: and you sit down on the sunny side of a street with the lean and hungry Italian beggar, who shouts and laughs cheerily at your side, till the old pilgrim drops from your bosom into the grave."

"We are not capricious," they replied, with dignity; "we are the ordained companions of your race, and by a law superior to us we cling to them till driven away by ignorance, neglect, or misuse. Listen, and learn some of the reasons that weaken our friendship with your people, and so often expel us from their society; for it is they, and not we, that break the compact nature has made between us.

"We love their children and bid them forth into the open air where the sun can send its vital heat through their expanding frames, and where the fresh breath of Heaven may light their eyes, and colour their cheeks. You will hear our voices merrily ringing wherever they are found coursing down the icy hills in winter, and loudest and blithest are we among the skaters on the moonlit lake. When the ball-playing time comes we are on the village green with the first, and we linger with the last. They must follow us to the woodlands, brush off the dew with their early footsteps, welcome abroad the bright frosty morning, and bravely face the winter's wind. Nor do we desert the city if rightly welcomed there, if treated to early hours and temperate meals. But the children must trundle their hoops through the parks with us. We are stifled in close nurseries. We cannot sit by them while their heads are drooping over lessons in unventilated school-rooms for six consecutive hours. We cannot breathe in dormitories with forty pairs of lungs inhaling over and over again an exhausted atmosphere. Our hearts would die within us if condemned to walk in the funereal processions of boarding-school girls. Our lives are in the open air. Those who would have our constant presence, our heartiest love, must follow us a-field. One of your poets has said,

'God made the country, and man made the town;'

and we say, God ordained the out-door life, and man the in-door.

"We pity those who are condemned by con-

ventional life, or the artificial condition of society, to violate some of our laws; but while they respect and cherish us we do not utterly desert them. We have been driven away from the hard-tasked and ill-fed operatives in the old world, but we are on very good terms with the buxom, light-hearted (because lightly-tasked) girls in your manufactories. Tell them a secret for us; if they will come oftener abroad to meet us, we will send them back to their labour with fresher spirits and prettier looks. Beauty cannot endure without us, after youth. Your very young women are beautiful, but with their youth and freshness their beauty vanishes. Virtuous, through all the stages of life, we acknowledge them to be, but without us their very goodness is often a toil and weariness. Were they but true to us their smiles would be spontaneous, and their well-doings an enjoyment.

You see we never desert those who live in the open air, whether they browse on coarse edibles, or fare sumptuously every day; whether they be clothed in fine linen or in rags; and yet you expect us to house ourselves with you in rooms heated to a degree that sears your skins, inflames your eyes, and dries away the very fountains of life. Pardon our frankness," they continued, pointing to some shallow vessels for personal purification; "look at the broad reservoirs of water, and deep fountains in our temples; we cannot abide these things. You reproach us, but our alienation from your people is not our fault. All classes and conditions among you reject us. We offer to give gladness to the days of your students, and refreshment to their nights, but they refuse the conditions of our friendship, and languish and stupify over their books. Your sedentary men are deaf to our warnings and invitations, and before half the term of life is spent they are weary and wasted, and disappear, leaving half their tasks undone. Your merchants, knowing we hate the whole brood of care, heap anxiety on anxiety, and toil on toil, till, bending under an accumulation of riches or poverty, it matters little which, they turn to seek our favour, and find an impassable gulf between us. We never return to those who gray their hair and furrow their cheeks with sordid care.

"We seek rural life, and trudge a-field with your farmer; but alas! we have complaints to make of him. We have again and again declared our antipathy to fresh bread and hot cakes, and yet he asks us to breakfast on them. We repair to his meridian meal, and he offers us hard salted meat and fried messes; and when we join the pleasant gathering round the tea-table we are compelled to fly for our lives from poisonous sweetcakes and sweetmeats."

"But surely," said I, "you have devoted friends among our people. There are colleges endowed to train your ministers, and every paper we read is filled with promises to restore to your society and friendship all who, by any accident, misfortune, or fault, have lost them. Every town has innumerable arsenals. Every village has its store-

house, filled with philtres and charms which these, your ministers, profess so to compound and administer as to restore your gladdening presence to every mortal that seeks you."

A sad smile passed over the sisters' faces, and the elder, drawing near to me, said in a subdued voice, "Save us from our friends; wisdom, skill, and virtue some of them possess; but they work in the dark, and though they now and then make some fortunate guesses, they have made few discoveries. They have been well compared to a watchmaker who should attempt to repair a watch of which he could not see the machinery. Besides, among these our professed friends are a mass of ignorant pretenders, and in their hands these charms and philtres are deadly poisons, and those to whom they are given stumble and blunder on

after us with stiffened joints, weak and withering limbs, sunken cheeks, loosened teeth, aching jaws, and all the pains and aches which flesh is heir to.

"But," she concluded, the light shadow that had fallen on her joyous face passing from it, "the condition of your race here and elsewhere is improving, and these evils will vanish before the progress of experience, knowledge, and virtue. The time is coming when we shall have a league of friendship with you from the breezy hills of the north, to the orange groves of the south; then will we give life to life, and make it the happy and profitable service God intended it to be."

Who were these sisters? All ye of the blooming cheek and strong heart answer from your own happy consciousness, "Health and Cheerfulness."

Original.

# BIDDY WOODHULL; \*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

## PART III.

BIDDY followed her African guide by a marvellously crooked way, which none but a negro could have taken, through lanes and cross-streets, up alleys, and across squares, and turning corners, 'till her own head turned with the bewilderment, confusion and noise, that prevailed around her; her temples ached with the roar of wheels, and her feet, familiar only with the green sward, were pained by traversing the unaccustomed pavements. At length he stopped in front of a low, two story wooden building, situated in a close, crowded street. It had a flashy yellow front, and the window-shutters and sides of the open doors, were covered with written and printed placards, headed "WANTS." Biddy looked up, and saw on a little sign hanging above her head from a projecting iron bar, "INTELLIGENCE OFFICE," done in gold letters upon a brilliant blue ground. On little tin plates tacked up each side of the entrance, she also read the same words.

"Yes, this is it," she said to the negro; "I am glad I have found it, for I am very tired. Here is your pay for bringing my bundle," she added, tendering him the last shilling she possessed; "the kind coachman offered to pay you, but I would rather do it myself. You must tell him I did so, now."

"Trus' nigger for dat, missus," said the black, with a grin, and extending his sable thumb and finger for the piece of money; "I'se tell him, fac' sure!"

"I hope you will, good fellow, for I wouldn't like to have a stranger pay for me," said Biddy, with that naturally independent spirit she has already shown she possessed.

"Nebber you f'ar, missus; I'se too much ob gem'lan to do any ting unhon'ble," said the black, lifting his ragged cap, and making a scrape; "I is sure tell him, missus!"

With this assurance he laid the bundle on the shelf of the office window, and with his eyes fixed misgivingly on Bruin, moved off at a slip shod gait to the next corner, around which he had no sooner disappeared, than he struck up a double shuffle on the side-walk, keeping time with his hands against his thighs, in the morriest manner. He kept this up for about a minute, and then said, chuckling—

"Ki! yah, yah, yah! Sam Jonsing hab play do financy, dis time, right up stair, an' no mistake! Little Missus tink I no make Boss Dick plank de prog too! Yah! Elebonteen pence for car' bundle! Him short ten-cent piece, I 'clar!" he added, looking closely at it; "she chout nigger out ob two cent an' half a one!

ki! I'll make Boss Dick pay his six pence! How she tink nigger gen'l'man keep him word, ven de white gen'l'mans don't! Yes, sartain sure, Sam Jonsing, you is defaulter dis brossed mornin', an' no mistake!"

Here Sam pocketed his silver, and shuffled off to No. 21, Bowery, where the rogue was again paid by honest Dick Sherwood, on his making oath over the handle of Dick's whip, that he had taken both the bundle and the young woman safely to her destination.

Biddy's eyes had unconsciously followed her late guide 'till they could see him no longer, when she felt as if she had parted with the last link that bound her to her species. She sighed at the sense of her condition, and tears came unbidden into her eyes. Suppressing them with an effort, she stooped down, and caressed Bruin, and soon recovered her self-possession. On looking about her, she saw that several females, old and young, and chiefly Irish, were standing on the side-walk, conversing in little knots, or waiting with anxious looks in the door-way. There were two large square windows, projecting, one on either side of the narrow door leading into the office. These windows were filled with bills and placards, all expressing the wants of individuals in nearly every condition of life. Her attention was particularly fixed by some written notices, waivered upon the shutter against which she leaned to rest herself, her hand upon her bundle, which lay upon the shelf of the window, and with Bruin at her feet. How her eyes beamed with hope, as she read with breathless interest a long list of *wants*. And she felt confident she had only to offer herself to obtain a situation.

"Now," thought she, "as there are so many for me to choose from, I shall hardly know how to choose. 'A smart girl for general house work,'" she said, repeating to herself the first notice; "that must be something like my work at home! I can't choose *that*. 'Apprentice to learn straw-sewing.' That must be pleasanter than general house work. But then I'm told they work the apprentices to death in this city, and that any of them can be told in passing them in the streets, by their pale and sickly looks, and thin persons. I would rather work hard, I think, (if it is thought more genteel to be a 'prentice,) as a house girl! 'Neat girl for general house work!' Here is one wanted just my age, where the work is light. This is better than at home, and perhaps I might find kindness. I will keep this in my mind! 'A first class sewer to make dresses!' *That I should like!* I can sew well, and always make my own dresses! I'll think of this place too!"

Thus did our heroine run over in her thoughts the several situations so temptingly proffered to all in need of employment, and in their multiplicity and variety her mind was lost! She, for some time, could come to no decision, but finally decided on one of the others: the two advertisements, viz: the second and fourth! absorbed had she been in forming her resolution, she blushed, and became confused and vexed, on looking round, and seeing that half a dozen Irish and Scotch girls standing before the office, had been all the time making themselves merry at the absorbing attention

\* Continued from page 75.

with which she was scanning these placards. Pouting her beautiful lips as girls of sixteen sometimes will do, when offended, she took up her bundle, and entered the office. It was a deep, narrow room, with a desk latticed in all round, on the left, near the door, and a long wooden bench placed against the opposite wall its whole length. On this bench were seated some twenty females of all ages, from ten to fifty years; waiting for situations as nurses, cooks, chambermaids, seamstresses, etc. The majority of them, thought Biddy, seemed very contented at sitting there and having nothing to do all the forenoon; and she saw that they amused themselves with watching those coming in and going out, and listening to the negotiations of the man behind the desk, with those who were applicants for places. Biddy dropped her veil before the gaze of so many rude and insulting eyes, for she felt that each one looked upon all subsequent comers as interlopers and rivals, who might possibly forestall them in a place. Notwithstanding the occasional laughter and childish romping of the poor creatures together, she could not but see that envy and hatred rankled in their breasts towards one another. Most of them were neater dressed than she expected to see servants that were 'out of place,' and all, without exception, wore red or white cotton shawls, and brown cotton gloves. It seemed, to her—so much they looked and dressed alike—to be an Intelligence Office uniform! Nearly all of them were pock-marked, and scarce one face in the whole was good looking.

Biddy made these observations at a glance, and with a sinking heart took a seat beside an old woman in iron spectacles, plaited cap, and an old second hand quaker bonnet; who, seeing her waiting 'till the Intelligence office man had got through with a gentleman who had just come in, and who wanted a child's nurse, had made room for her to be seated. She felt grateful for the offer, for she was both fatigued and embarrassed. She felt, too, that by a little delay, she could see how business was done, and the experience might be of service to her in enabling her to apply for herself in a proper form. Shrinking from observation, she drew her veil half aside, and observed what passed that she might profit by it; for she keenly felt her utter ignorance and helplessness now that the crisis of her position approached. Her first glance was directed towards the desk. Within the latticed enclosure, sat a little, thin, sallow man, with brushy, black hair, a low, fleshy forehead, keen black eyes, a long sharp nose, and a large-lipped, ugly mouth, filled with decayed and snagged teeth. He wore half whiskers, very long and silky, a white cravat, and a black coat of three fashions agone. Such was the outward appearance of Beal Tucker! He looked like a snivelling, mean man, who would sell his soul for three pence, and his heart and character did not belie his looks. In his fingers he held a counting-house steel pen; a book of entries lay open before him, and he was looking up beneath his covert-eye brows, listening to the gentleman who was giving him through the bars of the lattice a description of the kind of seryant he wanted.

"Yes, sir, I think I can suit you to a t," said Beal Tucker, dropping his huge black brows, and examining the book in which he recorded the names, ages, character, occupation, and address of the applicants for situation, on receipt, in advance, of fifty cents from each applicant, who, by this *douceur*, became entitled to his services for a period of three months to aid in obtaining them places. Without this payment in advance, and the registering of the names on his book, no one, though sitting in the office, could be allowed to take a situation that persons called on him to have filled. Biddy had yet to learn this disagreeable fact! "Yes, sir," said Beal Tucker, after examining the book, "I have one here that will *just* suit you. What is your address?"

"'Tis here," said the gentleman, giving him a card.

"Ah, yes! Mr. Sancier!" said Mr. Tucker, in a humming half-tone, and drawing near another book in which he entered the names of those who wanted servants, he quietly recorded the address in a very handsome hand, of which he evidently was proud as one of his numerous accomplishments.

"Is she here present?" asked the gentleman, a young married man, looking round with visible confusion upon the array of women's eyes that sought his, each female hoping to be herself selected.

"Yes," replied Beal Tucker coldly.

"I should like to see her."

Beal extended his hand, with the palm significantly turned upward, and said in a bland voice—

"Fifty cents, if you please."

"For what?" asked the novice in Intelligence offices.

"For registering your name, and sending a nurse to you," answered Beal, with a sneer of contempt at the gentleman's greenness.

"But she may not suit."

"I will then send you another and another, 'till you get one that suits you. I cannot pay rent for a room for girls to sit in all day, 'till people come and take 'em away to places, and get nothing for it."

The gentleman seemed to see the force of his reasoning, and placed a half dollar in Beal's extended palm. The fingers instinctively closed over it, and something like a smile gleamed in his eyes.

"Mary Cotter!" he called aloud, like a school-master to a pupil. "Mary Cotter! where is she?" he asked angrily, opening his latticed door, and looking over the room. Every head was turned in search, and, at length there was a general exclamation from the women that she had gone out.

"Then she deserves to lose her place," said Beal, petulently. "Hush that noise and jabbering there, in the further part of the room," he shouted to two or three young Irish girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age, beating each other with their bonnets, to the amusement of those around. "If I hear any more noise, I'll turn you out!"

All was still as death, for Beal's voice was like thunder, and carried terror with it to the hearts of his unruly petticoat subjects.

"Here's a young American girl," he added, "wanted

to take care of a baby—experienced, and good character, and all that! Who wants the place?"

There was a general movement of heads, but no one replied.

"Is there no American girl here?"

"Yes, sir, I'm one," said a thin, shabby-respectable old maid, who, poor creature! looked as if she had drank the cup of poverty to its dregs; and she came with a hesitating step towards the desk.

There was a general scornful titter among the Irish women and wenches, as the applicant, with her left arm hugging together the fore part of her lank garments, laid her right hand, bony and blue with famine and time, upon the corner of the desk. Biddy's generous spirit resented this unfeeling expression of their scorn, but she reflected that they were all perhaps nearly equally as wretched as the victim of it, and had no pity or compassion to spare for others. It is the degraded poor who are ever the most bitter and unfeeling to the poor and miserable!

"Yes, you're American what there is left of you," said Beal Tucker, with a laugh at his wit; "the gentleman don't want a frame, I guess! I'm thinkin' he'd rather get a nurse as is already got her flesh laid on."

"No, good woman," said the gentleman, seeing she shrunk from the cruel language of the unfeeling brute, "I fear you will not quite suit me; I want a young and healthy person! Perhaps this will atone for your disappointment!" and he placed a dollar in her hand!

"That's what I call throwing pearls before swine, if I might be so bold," said Beal; who witnessed this generosity with surprise. "She'll get drunk before night."

"Indeed, sir, I never get drunk," said the woman, earnestly.

"Don't tell me *no*, when I say *yes*! Go to your seat, or off out o' the way; it's no use for you to stay here any longer. No body'll come for you but the doctors."

"I have paid you my half a dollar, Mr. Beal," said the poor woman pleadingly.

"And you have been loafing here nearly three months on it."

"There sits a young person whose appearance prepossesses me," said the gentleman, disgusted, and wishing to change the subject; "call her this way."

"Jane Mannus, the gentleman wants to speak with you! come up to the desk," said Beal, sternly. "Here, you old bag of bones, stand out of the way, and make room!"

"Are you an American girl?" asked the gentleman, of a very pretty, modest, ruddy-cheeked lass, of about sixteen, with brown hair laid neatly on either cheek, and large, clear blue eyes.

She hesitated, colored, and dropped her eyes, though not before she had caught Beal's menning glance for her to say "Yes." After a moment's silence she looked up, and with a frank, open countenance, said—

"I will not belie my country, sir, for the sake of getting a situation. I am an Irish girl."

"How long have you been in this country?" asked

the gentleman, smiling, and as much pleased with the blunt honesty of her reply, as Beal was vexed by it.

"Sinet I was eight year, sir."

"You may send this young woman to my house at four o'clock," said the gentleman, turning to Beal; "she will, perhaps, suit us."

"Very well, sir, she shall be there," said the Intelligence office keeper, as the gentleman left his little despotic empire. Then writing upon a printed card prepared with blanks, his address, with her name and occupation beneath it, he gave it to her with the injunction to be at the place designated, precisely at four o'clock. Jane received it with a curtsy, and soon after left the office, elated with the prospect of getting "a place."

Biddy, our heroine, had silently observed all that had transpired, and she found that she had learned something by seating herself down and waiting. She felt delighted to see with what ease places were obtained by those suitable to fill them. But she had much yet to learn!

"All I have got to do," she said to herself, "is to ask him who it is that wants a straw sewer, or a girl for light housework, and he gives me a ticket, and sends me to the place! What excellent things these Intelligence offices are for poor girls! Now if I had to pay the half dollar, instead of the person that should want me, what would I do when I haven't a cent in my purse! I will not be afraid of these women here, but go right up and ask him before some other person gets the place!"

As she came to this resolution, a melancholy-looking young woman came into the office, and approached the desk. Every thing she had on was faded, and she was without stockings. Beal Tucker eyed her sharply through the bars, and then said abruptly—

"Well, what's your business?"

"I want to get a place, sir," she said, meekly.

"Place is a broad word! One would think there was but one place, or you was the one for all places!" and the Intelligence office lord chuckled at his own wit, and looked around upon the Irish and Scotch women for applause. In the eyes of servants seeking "place,"—be it observed, in passing—an Intelligence office man is a very great man, and by and by he very naturally begins to think that he's so himself! Beal Tucker was, in his own opinion, a *very* great man!

"I meant no offence, sir," said the young woman.

"No, oh, no, I guess you didn't! I guess you'd know better than give offence to *me*! No young woman nor old woman never did it! No one would *dare* do it!"

"I'm sure they wouldn't, sir," said the applicant, humbly.

Beal was pleased and mollified by the manner in which she spoke this, and said bluntly, "Well, what place do you want? here's cooks, chambermaids, all house-work, seamstresses, child's nurses, lady's maids—every thing but wives! and I might supply them too for a fair premium! ho, he, ho, ha!"

"I'd like a situation to do house work, sir."



"You are too delicate, young woman. A seamstress would suit you better."

"Oh, no, sir! It's sewing that has injured me—working fifteen hours a day, and no exercise, and earning, at that, but two shillings a day! I wish to do house work, sir."

"Well, I'll look out for you. Where's your half dollar?"—and Beal Tucker's palm lay open upward on his desk, before her.

Tremblingly she drew from the bosom of her faded frock a bit of old green silk. She unfolded it with a sigh, and displayed to the greedy eyes of Mr. Beal Tucker, the whole of her little store, viz: three quarter dollar pieces, a pistareen, a ten cent piece, three pennies, and a soiled Murphy's omnibus ticket. She separated two of the quarters, and placed them, with another sigh, in his hand. Biddy, all forgetful of her own needful situation, pitied her, and wished she could pay the half dollar for her. But instantly the thought flashed upon her, "How shall I pay it for myself?"

Poor Biddy! how, indeed, was she to pay for herself? Now that she saw farther into the mysteries of intelligence offices, she did not think they were altogether just the *benevolent* institutions for aiding young females she at first believed them to be.\* Now that she discovered that servants seeking places were charged half a dollar, as well as those who came to seek for servants, she became very much embarrassed, and her self-possession, for a few moments, nearly deserted her. What should she do? She must obtain some situation before the day closed, but to obtain it, she must *pay in advance*! "Oh, where shall I get this money? what shall I do?" were questions which she put to herself fifty times. She looked round upon the women in the office, for some kind, sympathizing face, for she felt like seeking and asking sympathy. But every one looked selfish and forbidding. Her eyes then sought the harsh visage of Mr. Beal Tucker, against whom she had already conceived a prejudice! But she could read only in his countenance, avarice and half dollars! Poor Biddy! she was in a sad perplexity! At one time the idea struck her, of going from house to house, and asking for employment, as this course would not require money. But a second reflection convinced her of its folly, and probable fruitless issue; else, if it were possible, why did not the poor women around her, ill able to spare a half dollar, pursue this course, and save their money? Tears at length filled her eyes, and drawing her thick green veil over her face, she let them trickle freely, for it relieved her heavy heart.

"What ails thee, my pretty miss?" at length asked the old woman in the faded quaker bonnet, who had asked her to take a seat beside her.

"I am without money," said Biddy, hastily drying her eyes, and speaking with that frankness of innocence which conceals nothing from the designing. "I did not expect to have to pay."

"So you thought to get a place for nothing; ho, ho,

he! Poor child! you don't know Intelligence offices well as I does."

Biddy thought she had known full enough of them, and felt no inclination to learn more. Encouraged by the old woman's sociable mood, she ventured to ask her if she thought "the intelligence man" would not get her a place, if she would promise to pay him with her first wages.

"Well, sich things has been done, when folks is known; I'll ax him for you."

"I wish you would," said Biddy, with grateful earnestness, "for I haven't courage to do it myself."

"I'll do it, poor thing!" she said, good naturedly; "but then I don't think but with your pretty face you'd do better with Beal Tucker than an old woman! There's them as knows him, says he likes a bright eye; and what intelligence man don't? I can tell you, miss, there's young girls been sent from these places more than once, that wan't advertized for in print, by them they went to!"

Biddy would have asked her the meaning of her words, but she immediately called out in a shrill tone from where she sat.

"Mr. Tucker, here's a young woman as is without money, and wants to know if as how you would register her name, for a place, and let her pay you the 'half' from her first wages?"

Biddy's face burned with shame and confusion at this open address, and felt that all eyes—as, in truth, they were—directed towards her. Twice she caught the old woman by the gown to check her, but in vain.

"A young woman without money, hey?" gruffly repeated Beal Tucker, without looking up from an advertisement he was writing for the morning's paper.

"Yes, and more's the pity, for she has a pretty face that should bring her gold."

Whether it was "pretty face," or the magic word "gold," or both, that caused Beal Tucker to stick his pen on the top of his ear, and look through his bars towards the speaker and her confused *protégé*, must be left for determination after his character shall be more fully developed. But certain it is, that he looked very hard, and with increasing interest at Biddy, as one after another the perfections of her foot, waist and hand, were revealed to his practiced eye.

"Humph," he said, after a moment's survey, which satisfied him that Biddy was of a superior order of beauty to any he had seen in his office, though he had not yet seen her face, which she kept concealed by her veil. "Humph!" and he gave a second and closer survey, which determined his conduct.

"Young, is she, Aunt Kitty, and no money?" he said, in a tone of mock sympathy; "bad, very bad!" and Beal Tucker shook his head as if he had heard she had committed a great crime. Biddy never before felt that it was so wicked a thing to be without money. Again Beal scrutinized her. "Suppose, young woman, you put up your veil," he said, coarsely; "perhaps, after I see your face, I can tell whether to trust you or not."

Biddy's cheek burned at this rude address, but in-

\* Since the occurrence of this story, *gratuitous* offices have been established by benevolent societies.

stinctively raised her hand, and put aside her veil. If Beal Tucker had been before struck with the symmetry of her figure, he was now filled with surprise at the fresh and youthful beauty of her face. He would have started back with an exclamation at this discovery, but habitual caution enabled him to restrain all outward expression of emotion.

"Didn't I tell ye she was a pretty one?" said the keen old woman, exultingly, on observing the effect which he vainly would have concealed even from her penetrating gaze.

"Hush, woman," he said, in a tone of stern reproof; "come hither, miss," he added, carelessly nodding to Biddy. She hesitated, when the old woman, raising her from the bench, thrust her forward.

"Why don't you go, child? He'll trust you, I know by his eye—he, he, he! won't you, Beal Tucker?"

"Silence," thundered Mr. Tucker. "So, young miss," he said, assuming the blandest expression he could bring his forbidding countenance to wear, "so you have no money, and want a place?"

"Yes, sir," answered Biddy, in a low, timid tone.

"We don't wish to be hard with you. What place would you like?"

"I saw a straw sewer advertised for, sir!"

"That place is taken, I am sorry to say," answered Beal, with an insinuating smile, shaded with regret.

"There is a person wanted to make dresses," continued Biddy, beginning to feel the first bitterness of disappointment.

"I am sorry to say that place is also engaged," said Beal, who gracefully leaned over his desk in one of his favorite attitudes, and from which he had not moved since she came before him. "Can you think of nothing else?"

"I can do general house work, sir," said our heroine, now willing, so embarrassing was her situation, to accept of any employment that would relieve her from it.

"House work!" repeated Beal, with surprise. "Oh, no! Go and sit down, if you please, 'till I get through with some little business, and I will look over my list and see what I can do for you." And all the while Beal Tucker's eyes were drinking in the intoxicating draft of her beauty.

Biddy felt relieved by his words, and as she took her seat, began to think she had taken too hasty a prejudice against him.

It was then about eleven o'clock, and Biddy sat there until twelve, a silent observer of all the singular scenes that transpired. As the clock struck twelve, Mr. Tucker, who had been long impatiently waiting to hear it, briskly shut up his books, and opening the door of his latticed den, said, in a hasty tone—

"Twelve o'clock! Home to dinner, girls, and let me to mine. I shan't be open again, 'till two, to-day!"

There was a general preparatory movement among the women, and those near the door began to quit the office. "Home! dinner!" sighed Biddy; "and am I

to wander in the streets 'till two o'clock, perhaps all day, as he has not asked my name to register it?"

"Come, miss, with 'the pretty face,' don't block up the way!" said a savage looking Irish woman, thrusting her rudely aside.

Biddy stepped aside, and stood still until nearly all had left the office, when, recollecting that she must act with more firmness than she had hitherto shown, she took up her bundle to go, and spoke to Bruin, who, all the while, had lain under the bench, where he had crouched when she first seated herself. Beal Tucker had his eyes upon her, however, and did not mean she should leave without his seeing her again. She was stepping across the threshold, when he artfully called, as if just accidentally remembering her presence.

"Oh, young woman, there, in the green veil! I had like to have forgotten you. Just wait a moment, and I'll give you a ticket to a place that I think will just suit you. You can pay me any time."

These words, though addressed to Biddy, were also intended for the ears of the two or three that lingered in the office, as an excuse to them for detaining her. She heard him with a sensation of joy, and hope once more shone in her hitherto downcast eyes, as she turned back. Beal Tucker re-entered his desk, and opened one of his books! The old woman in the quaker bonnet still lingered in the door. Beal looked at her angrily:

"What do you stay for, old woman? Go! I'll now just examine my books for you, miss."

"The place you mean to give that miss, you'll not find on either of them books o' yourn, Beal Tucker," said she, chuckling, as she stepped from the door.

"Begone!" cried Beal, his color heightened by anger and guilt.

"He, he, he!" chuckled the old woman, as she disappeared from the office.

"Sit down, miss—these old women would vex the —," *devil*, Beal would have said, did he swear, but being as he often boasted, a "reg'lar moral man," he never indulged in profanity; being so strict, therefore, he ended, by substituting "saints" for the devil.

Biddy re-seated herself, pondering in her mind what the old woman meant, by saying the place that he intended to give her, was not found on his books; but she was too young and innocent of the world, and of evil, to arrive at the truth. Beal now pored for a few moments, seemingly with great earnestness and interest over his list of entries, but his eyes, instead of following on the page, were scanning, from beneath his pent house brows, the lovely and ingenuous features of our heroine. At length he seemed to look as if he had come to some satisfactory decision, to which he intended to conform his intermediate conduct.

"What is your name, miss?"

"Bridget Woodhull, sir," said Biddy, looking up, and answering, while one hand laid on Bruin's shaggy mane.

He pretended to write it on the book, but really wrote it on a card, which he had previously laid upon the page.

"Where do you live?" he asked, in a low tone, for persons were constantly passing by the open door.

"Sir," said our heroine, embarrassed by the question.

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"In West Chester county, sir."

"When did you come to the city?"

"This morning, in the stage, sir, to get a place."

"Have you worked out before?"

"No, sir."

"Are you acquainted in the city?"

"No, sir."

"And you have no money?"

"I gave my last shilling to a black man, who showed me the office, not knowing I should have to pay to get a place."

These questions were answered with a directness and frankness singularly contrasting the duplicity and double intention with which they were put to her. Beal Tucker looked at her steadily a few seconds, and a singular smile passed across his face. "Yes," he said to himself, "she shall be sent to him, and he shall pay well for so rare a treasure. By-the-by, miss, how came you to leave home?"

"Because, sir, my mother and sisters treated me very badly."

"So you run away, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I did," answered our heroine, with mingled spirit and embarrassment.

"Better still," soliloquized Beal Tucker, rubbing his hands, and showing his snagged teeth with secret delight. "It's a fair prize!" he added, aloud.

"Sir," said Biddy.

"I said this dust was bad for sore eyes. I will shut the door 'till I make out your ticket."

And the plausible Beal Tucker left his chair, and closed the street door, confining it, unperceived, by a finger bolt. He then returned to his desk.

"What place do you think you would prefer, pretty one?" he said, in a tone of gallantry, and looking, as he conceived, very loving.

"A dress maker's, sir," answered the unsuspecting maiden.

"Suppose you just step into the desk, and look at the list, yourself," said Beal, in his most insinuating way.

By this time, Biddy had discovered, what every other true woman also would have done, that there was mingled in Mr. Tucker's manner, a good deal of freedom and pretension! In a man exactly like Beal Tucker, such demonstrations could not be very acceptable to any one; though his victories and frequent lip-favors from some of his hideous "out of place" servants had a tendency to inspire him with great confidence in his powers, in that line. Biddy instinctively felt the moral impurity of his presence—for a chaste woman, like the sensitive plant, involuntarily shrinks at proximity with a libertine! This instinctive feeling or sense, Biddy now experienced, and she began to entertain fears at being in his presence. When, therefore, he desired her to enter his desk, she declined, saying, with firmness, "that she would leave it to him to name a place."

Beal was struck by the tone and manner, and looked at her suspiciously, for guilt is ever alert. A glance was sufficient to tell him she feared him, and had instinctively divined his feelings towards her. Beal only intended, however, by inviting her to his desk, to steal from her ripe lips a kiss; for though sensual and unprincipled, he loved gold so much better than lust, or the gratification of any other passion, that he was always prepared to sacrifice all of them for it. Gold now protected Biddy, not only from baser designs, but even from the insult to her modesty that he had intended; for he meant to be paid in told coin, even for the kiss he feared to take, now that he saw she knew him! Besides, Beal Tucker had a wife up-stairs, and he had come to a conclusion, in order to forward a purpose he had in view, to invite Biddy to dinner!

"Oh, very well, then," he said, in a tone which he intended should restore her confidence, "I will act for you." He then looked over his entries, and said, "Here is a lady wants a dress maker, and will pay good wages. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, I'll recommend you to it."

"I thank you, sir," said Biddy. "I will be sure to pay you from my very first wages."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Beal, with a sardonic grin; "here's your ticket. Let no one see it, but when you leave here, go directly to the house No —, Chambers street."

"Yes, sir," answered Biddy, about to go.

"No, don't go yet. I dare say you haven't had breakfast or dinner."

"No, sir," answered Biddy, for the first time conscious of her long fasting.

"Well, then, come into the next door, up-stairs, and take dinner with my wife, and stay there until I get back. You had best give me the ticket, and I will give it to you again when I return."

Beal then opened his door, and stepping to the next, called up the stairs to his wife:—"Mrs. Tucker, I say! Mrs. Tucker!"

A woman with a red head, a red face, and a red baby in her arms, came to the stair head, and shrieked back, "Well, what you want, Beal?"

"Here's a young woman come for a place, and as I can't attend to her just now, having business out, give her some dinner, and keep her until I come in. You understand me." Mrs. Tucker understood him. The two were not only one, connubially, but in all else!

"Yes, Beal, send her up. Oh, there she is. Come up, miss!"

Biddy, who, at first, resolved not to go with Mr. Tucker to his dinner, on hearing a woman's voice in reply, took confidence, and with the faithful Bruin bounding after her, went up stairs at her invitation. Beal saw her safely up, and then gave his wife a significant wink; when seeing her return a comprehensive glance from her pink edged eyes, he closed his office, and hastened up the street towards Broadway.

*To be continued.*

Original.

## DAGUERREOTYPE SKETCHES.

FROM MY PARLOR WINDOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND "THE QUADROONE."

SINCE the discovery of photoguire drawing by which that figurative expression, "a pencil of light" has become literal, there has been thrust forward for the test of our credulity, other wonders which claim to be equally marvellous. We have recently heard of a scientific optician in Paris, who has made the wonderful discovery, that, by the aid of a peculiarly constructed lens fitted into spectacles, he has been successful not only in catching *the rays* of the thoughts of others by levelling his glances at their eyes, but, (what would be incredible in any other age,) actually, by a sort of intellectual reflection, transferring them to prepared paper lying before him, on which they form themselves into words and lines of a faint buff color, and easily read. This is, no doubt a great discovery, and promises to be of immense advantage to lovers, who, with a pair of these optiscopic spectacles can, to much greater advantage, read the language of each other's eyes, than they have heretofore done. But surprizing as this discovery truly is, it is far surpassed in ingenuity by one very recently made by a Yankee writing master, who has recently come to the city, and put up at the American with his invention. It is well known that in large hotels, there are mouth-tubes in the office, which communicate, by leaden pipes, with the upper stories, where there are corresponding mouth or ear-pieces. By means of this device, orders and replies are passed from the bottom to the top of the house in an instant, a servant being stationed on each floor to receive them. Our writing-master, on coming from his room one morning, at a hotel in New-York, saw upon the wall of the upper passage, numerous short sentences written in such finished chirography with pink-colored ink, as to call forth his admiration, and induce him to stop and admire them. "John, bring the baggage from 101." "John, make a fire in 98." "John, answer 87." "You are wanted in the office, John," and such like colloquial literature.

While he was admiring the beauty of the writing, and wondering what idler could execute such penmanship, he was suddenly startled by a voice issuing from the wall near him, saying in singularly distinct words—

"John, send the chambermaid to parlor No. 5."

But conceive his speechless wonder when he saw the words themselves appear visibly upon the wall opposite, as if by some magic, imprinted there. He stood silent with astonishment. There was no mistake. He had plainly heard the words, and now saw them painted upon the wall upon a spot which he knew to be before plain and white. He discovered the mouth-piece whence the words came, and having heard of daguerrotype, the idea flashed upon his mind that there might be such a thing as *lingual* daguerrotype.

This idea once started, was enough for our Yankee. He set himself to thinking and planning, and at length

succeeded in inventing an instrument which he calls the *acoustype*. It consists of a single spiral tube of platina, about three feet in length in its involuted state, but full thirty feet if straightened out. At one extremity is a silver mouth-piece, adjusted with slides and screws, so as to fit with exactness every possible mouth that may be applied to it. At the opposite extremity of the tube is a worm screw, to which may be fitted short tubes shaped like the nose of a bellows, of different calibres, from half an inch in diameter, to the size of a pin-hole. These noses may be screwed on or off at pleasure. When the ingenious inventor had completed his acoustype, and found that it worked to his satisfaction, he sent cards of invitation to several scientific gentlemen, and one or two others who had no claims to science, but who had been his pupils in academy days. We were so fortunate as to be numbered among the latter, and waited upon him at the hour appointed.

We found Mr. Simpkins in a room hung with green baize, standing before a table upon which was a small mahogany frame, like those placed on pianos to support music, or rather like those used to support family Bibles, when the old people read them of a Sunday afternoon. Upon this frame, which was inclined at an angle of 45°, was a large sheet of immaculate paper. Before the table, elevated upon a tall stand, like the tripod of a telescope, was his convoluted instrument levelled at the sheet of paper, its farther extremity within three inches of it.

"Now, gentlemen," said the inventor after we had assembled, "I am about to exhibit to you a discovery which is destined to revolutionize the world, immortalize my name, and be the death of Perrin's steel pens, which, in passing, I will say I have always found better than any other, except a goose quill, the third feather under the right wing. Yes, gentlemen, I have made a discovery and invented an instrument that is going to make me a monument to all posterity, and throughout the future ages, as high as Bunker Hill! I call it a *acoustype*, because it is something akin to acoustics. If any gentleman can propose a better name, or one with a syllable or two more in it, I should prefer it. Now I will show you my first experiment.

The ingenious and eloquent inventor then pointing significantly to the white sheet of paper set up before the instrument like a target before the muzzle of a gun, said—

"You see there that sheet o' drawin' paper. Well, now keep your eyes on it while I jist put my mouth to the end. I will say something or 'nother—just what comes int' my head, though it don't mean nothin'."

The inventor of the acoustype placed his lips to the mouth-piece, and we fixed our eyes upon the paper.

"Does your anxious mother know you're out," we at length heard, after a pause, in a fine squeaking note at the extremity of the tube, when instantly the words appeared upon the paper in letters a little larger than ordinary hand-writing, beautifully written in pink. We could not believe our eyes, and went to the paper to examine it. We felt the letters, but there was no substance tangible, yet they were there as legible as type.

While we were expressing our wonder and admiration at what we beheld, the gratified inventor unscrewed the nose, and replaced it by one of a larger calibre. He then took his place at the mouth-piece, when we heard in a little stronger voice than before—

“ Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

Quick as thought, the words were conveyed to the paper, in, what the writing masters call a half-round hand. Other experiments were made by him with all the noses, the longest of which gave the sound out in a deep base, and with an impression in very large letters, though only two or three words with the large tube screwed on could appear at once within the focus of sound. By moving the acoustype from side to side of the paper, while one repeated in the mouth-piece from memory, a stanza from Longfellow, the whole verse was *daguerreotyped*, (no, Mr. Simpkins *must* be immortalized,) *Simpkincotyped* upon the sheet, in a style no copperplate could approach.

After we had fully satisfied ourselves that there was no optical illusion in all this, and that what we saw, *was*, Mr. Simpkins, said in answer to one of the gentlemen present,

“ Use? Why, the use of this instrument is plain. I have already got the patent out for it, and I shall make others of all sizes, for the use of the community. I shall be able to afford them from fifty down to five dollars each.”

“ But *the use*, Mr. Simpkins?” asked the learned Doctor Starkweather, emphatically. “ I want to know its practical use.”

“ It,” answered Mr. Simpkins elevating his right hand with the palm open and speaking with great dignity, “ it will be of incalculable use. Do you not see that it does away the writing masters’ profession—renders writing wholly unnecessary. With a portable acoustype in your hand, and a sheet of letter paper before you, you have only to speak your thoughts through it and you imprint them upon the paper as fast as you can speak. Think, sir, what an immense value it will be to authors, to public speakers! Yes, sir, a member of Congress can make his speech and put it upon paper all in the same breath with a little boy before him to turn over the leaves.”

“ It is a sort of daguerreotype,” said Doctor Grossman, looking round for applause for this idea.

“ Daguerreotype!” said Mr. Simpkins, scornfully. “ Sir, it is as superior to daguerreotype, as that is to sign painting.”

“ It should be called Simpkinstype,” interposed Doctor Grossman, seeing the great inventor was angry, and wishing to mollify him by the compliment.

The result showed his wisdom. Mr. Simpkin’s wrath disappeared under the flattering unction so skilfully applied to it, and he answered with one of his benevolent smiles, blushing modestly,

“ You do me great honor, gentlemen! But, indeed, I think Simpkin—or Simpkinetype, would not be a bad name for it.”

We all agreed that it would be a very good and most euphonious name, and then took our leave of the great inventor, filled with wonder at what we had witnessed,

and with admiration of his genius, and each with a piece of the Simpkinetyped paper in our pockets.

The next day we paid Mr. Simpkins another visit, and on examining the acoustype, we discovered a little way within the orifice an exceedingly fine film, composed of the most delicate fibres of floss woven like lace. We inquired of Mr. Simpkins its use, when he replied with a mysterious look, and a frown of great sagacity on his brows,

“ That is the secret, sir. A tube without that, would be of no more use than a telescope without lenses.”

On questioning him more closely, he informed me that when he had looked into the mouth-piece at the hotel from which the voice had issued, he had discovered what is called a “ spider’s curtain,” a filmy web, formed across the orifice a few inches within the tube, which, it occurred to him, converged and refracted the voice, and acting like the daguerreotype lens upon light, produced the extraordinary effect he had witnessed. Guided by this hint, he had constructed his acoustype with an artificial lens of floss silk, which had produced precisely the effect he had anticipated. As it is Mr. Simpkin’s intention shortly to exhibit the wonderful powers of his newly discovered instrument to an admiring public, we will not further speak of it at this time, trusting every curious person will soon gratify his own vision with its marvellous effects.

In denominating this, our series of sketches “ Daguerreotype,” we disclaim all intention of new invention, or of advancing any new discovery to rival either M. Daguerre, or the no less to-be-famed Mr. Hezekiah Simpkins. The inventions of these great men have only given us a hint for a title, that may, in some sort, shadow forth the nature of our contemplated productions. Seated in our cushioned arm-chair, by the window, and looking forth upon the busy world beneath, and around, the impressions made upon our brain will be reflected to the eyes, and make an impression upon the brains of my readers, without the intervention of any new discovery. Yet, this process may be *called* intellectual Simpkinetype, the mind of the gentle reader standing in the place of Mr. Simpkin’s sheet of white paper. And although we do not look to immortality for this idea, like this great discoverer, we hope to make such pictures of what we see from our window upon your mind, gentle reader, as shall be permanently fixed there like the pleasant things that live long upon the tablet of memory.

J. H. I.

Original.

## THE GREEK CLASSICS.--NO. VIII.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

### THE GRECIAN DRAMA--COMIC WRITERS--EPICHRAMUS--ARISTOPHANES--MENANDER--DIPHILUS.

GRECIAN comedy, like her sister, tragedy, traces her origin to the rites of Bacchus. Both were the offspring of the choral songs performed in the worship of that divinity. Those of a serious character, and in which sublime sentiments were inculcated, constituted the base of the noble tragic structure; while from those of a lighter cast, and whose object was mirth, sprung the more simple yet pernicious comedy. The Phallic songs from which comedy arose, were a part of the Bacchanal worship, and consisted in what might, perhaps, be appropriately termed ballads--whose object was to create mirth either by sneers, or satire, or sarcasm. About the time that Æschylus, from the Dittryramb, and the Satiric Chorus, erected the tragic structure, Epicharmus, from the Phallic song, constructed that of comedy. After him Aristophanes improved and enlarged its powers, which continued so long as Greece was a people. Under Aristophanes, and those of the same school, comedy was frequently used to censure the vices of those who would not bear reproof in any other way. In comedy every thing was done in jest, and generally for sport. Hence, parodies on different tragic compositions were frequent. From the characters of tragedy thus remodeled to suit the taste of the laughter-loving, were afterwards added those of tragic writers themselves. This paved the way for the introduction of every character upon the stage. Personal animosity and private jealousy were never at a loss for subjects on which to vent their malignity. Hence the virtuous as well as the vicious were frequently made to feel the lash of satire from the pen of the comedian. Even the good and virtuous Socrates did not escape. These scenes could only be enacted when the people were free. After the subversion of their liberties, comedy underwent a considerable change. "Simultaneously with the overthrow of Athenian independence appeared the first distinct specimen of a new species of dramatic poetry, in which the pungent sarcasm, the political heat, and the rampant humor of the Aristophanic muse were exchanged for graceful lessons of morality, accurate delineations of character, and the interest of regular plots." The author of this change was Menander. After him followed Diphilus. With Posidippus ends the history of the Grecian comic drama. Grecian literature and Grecian liberty expired together.

#### EPICHRAMUS.

Much dispute has arisen between learned men in fixing the birth-place of Epicharmus. Some have thought him a native of Crastus, some of Coos, and others of Megara in Sicily. All, however, agree that he passed his life at Syracuse. About as much doubt exists concerning his parentage. His father's name was Chimaros, or Tityrus. His mother's name, as is most generally thought, was Sicida. He flourished about the

year 500, B. C. Of his personal history we know but little. He was for a time a school teacher in Syracuse, and instructed pupils about four years previous to the Persian invasion. He seems, however, to have devoted the greater part of his time to the composition of literary works. According to Diogenes Laertius he composed several treatises on medicine and philosophy. His greatest works, however, were of a dramatic character. About the time, or perhaps a little before Æschylus brought the first regular tragedy upon the Grecian stage, Epicharmus produced the first comedy properly so called. Before him this department of the drama consisted of nothing but a series of licentious songs and sarcastic episodes, without plot, connection, or consistency. He gave to each exhibition one single and unbroken fable, and converted the loose interlucutions into regular dialogue. As we have before stated, tragedy, under Phrynicus, had begun to assume something of that stately form which was perfected, or at least much improved by Æschylus. The woes of heroes, and the majesty of the gods had already become its principal theme. The Sicilian poet seems to have been struck with the idea of exciting the mirth of his auditors by the exhibition of some ludicrous matter, dressed up in all the grave solemnity of the newly invented art. Discarding, therefore, the low drolleries of the ancient comedy, he opened a novel and less invidious source of amusement, by composing a set of burlesque dramas upon the usual tragic subjects. These succeeded very well, and for a long time the principal feature of comedy was a burlesque upon some tragic scene. And when comedy returned, as it afterwards did, to personal satire and invective, the tragic poets were the chief characters against which its efforts were directed.

Epicharmus was a very voluminous writer. Apollodorus is said to have made a collection of his works in ten volumes. His plays number between forty and fifty. Suidas reckons fifty-two. He was celebrated as well for the beauty of his style as for the originality of his conception. The Greeks gave the name of "Epicharmion" to his style, thus making it proverbial for its beauty and purity.

His moral character could not have been very high, as we are informed by Plutarch that he was severely fined and doomed to heavy manual labor by Hiero for some improper jests which he introduced in the presence of the Queen.

Of the further particulars of his life we know nothing. He is said to have lived to the age of ninety. Only fragments of his works remain.

#### ARISTOPHANES.

Aristophanes was a native of the island of Ægina, a small island opposite Athens. He was a son of Philip of Rhodes, and born B. C. 456. Although born at Ægina, he seems to have been educated at Athens, where he spent nearly the whole of his life. Of his early history but little is known. He was a writer of comedy, and doubtless the most illustrious of that class of writers which Greece has ever produced. "There cannot ex-

ist a doubt," says a writer in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, "that our author was a man of considerable influence and political importance among his countrymen." The circumstances of the times in which he lived were well calculated to give a bold and daring spirit, like that of Aristophanes, immense influence over an ignorant, vicious, and fickle multitude, such as the great mass of Athenians were at that time. The fatal Peloponnesian war was then in progress. Hence, all the vices incident to such a state of things were to be expected at the metropolis of the democratic states. It was among the multitude he sought and obtained popularity. It is true the great and the good according to the standard of that age were his admirers. And his writings, regarded merely as specimens of literary labor, are, many of them, worthy of all the commendations that have been bestowed upon them. But it is doubtful, after all, whether they really felt for him that respect which they on many occasions manifested. The true secret—at least with many of them—was, Aristophanes was exceedingly popular, and possessed a vast amount of power among the common people, and, from mere selfish considerations, they desired his friendship; for his malevolent muse knew no one too exalted or too virtuous to shield him from his attacks, if caprice or any other motive should call forth his keen sarcastic powers. Even the virtuous Socrates did not escape the lash of his satiric wand. Yet this boldness and fearlessness of character were frequently exerted in a good cause. He was undoubtedly a lover of his country. He therefore earnestly contended for peace. The same motive led him to expose to the public view, with all the vividness of reality, the vices of those who administered the affairs of state. The degeneracy of the times was also inveighed against by the same pen which did so much to promote and perpetuate the very vices of which he complains. That he was a favorite of the great body of the people we have abundant evidence. Nor was this fact unknown to foreign nations. The fame of his boldness had extended far and wide. It had even reached the throne of the Persian monarch; for we are informed that, on a certain occasion, when the Lacedæmonian (or Spartan) ambassadors had an interview with the Persian monarch, the first question he asked was, whether they were masters of the seas, and the second related to our author: "Which of the two powers does he censure?" inquired the King; "for the cause of the party which he espouses will certainly come off victorious in the present war, inasmuch as they have him for their coadjutor."

Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, greatly desired Aristophanes to take up his residence at the Sicilian court, but in vain. He loved the soil of Attica too dearly to exchange it for even a royal abode.

The style of Aristophanes is deservedly admired. He wrote many plays. Eleven only of his comedies, out of more than sixty, are preserved. These, however, are sufficient to judge of the style of his writings, and the character of his powers of conception.



Of the time or manner of his death we are not certainly informed. He probably lived to nearly the age of eighty.

#### MENANDER.

This poet was a native of Athens, and born B. C. 342. His father, whose name was Diopithes, was, at this time, commander of the Athenian forces at the Hellespont, and must therefore have been a person of considerable influence among his countrymen. Of the history of Menander we know scarcely any thing. He was the inventor of what has been termed the new comedy—so called because it dropped personal abuse, and became more regular in its construction. He died at the age of fifty, having written 105 plays. It is said by the Roman poet, Ovid, that all the plays of Menander turned upon love. If this be true, as it undoubtedly is, we have in his works, one of those chief characteristics of the modern drama which has rendered it so exceedingly pernicious to the morals of society. When amorous scenes are brought upon the stage, their direct tendency is to injure and impair the moral sensibilities of all who witness them; at least such has been the universal result, and we must judge of the tendencies of a thing by its actual results.

Menander seems to have been patronized by Ptolemy Lanus, the successor of Alexander the Great in the government of Egypt. Of his writings fragments only remain.

#### DIPHILUS.

Diphilus, the contemporary of Menander, was born at Sinope, in Pontus, and died at Smyrna, in Ionia. His comedies were celebrated for their wit, sense, and pleasantness. He, together with Posidippus, who began to write three years after the death of Menander, was the last Grecian comic poet. "Below this period it is vain to search for genius worth recording. Grecian literature and Grecian liberty expired together. A succession of sophists, pedagogues, and grammarians filled the posts of those illustrious wits whose spirit, fostered by freedom, soared to such heights as left the Roman poets little else except the secondary fame of imitation."

We cannot leave the general subject of the drama without a passing remark upon the influence of the Grecian stage upon the character of the nation. This was of two kinds, intellectual and moral. Its intellectual influence was in general salutary. It called forth those talents which might otherwise have lain dormant, or been awakened only to deeds of violence. The exhibition of dramatic performances called together the talent of the nation of every character. Its direct tendency, therefore, was the diffusion of knowledge. Its intellectual advantages were not altogether unlike those derived from modern lectures. In judging of the intellectual or even moral tendency of the Grecian theatres, however, we must not compare it with our own. The points of dissimilarity were so numerous and so great, that in many respects little or no analogy can be traced. Especially is this true with respect to tragedy. One marked difference between the Grecian and modern

stage is, that the former was a national institution. An admission fee of two oboli (about six cents) was charged each person entering for the support of these exhibitions. But even this, at the instigation of Pericles, was paid out of the public treasury to all such as desired it. The buildings necessary for theatrical exhibitions belonged, also, to the state, and were erected at the public expense. Another difference was, that dramatic performances were alike attended by all. The learned and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, the highest officer of the state and the meanest citizen, all here met together for the purpose of instruction or amusement. The religious character of these performances, and the exclusion of females from all exhibitions excepting those of tragedy, gave also a distinctive character to the ancient drama which is wanting in that of more modern date. These differences were all calculated to elevate the Grecian stage, both in its intellectual and moral character, far above that which, in later ages, has taken its place. Yet, if we examine the moral influence of theatrical exhibitions, even among the Greeks, we cannot but be pained at the result. The stately and majestic character of tragedy created a desire for something of a lighter character, and better suited to the morals, or rather want of morals, of a degraded populace. This desire was fully satisfied in the debasing exhibitions of comedy. The laughter-loving here found that which excited their mirth. The malevolent could here vent his malignity unharmed, and the profligate of every character here found all that he desired to gratify the propensities of a vitiated taste. It is no wonder, then, that comic performances acquired such an influence over the public mind. The expenses being paid out of the public treasury afforded an opportunity to all to witness these exhibitions. The funds thus appropriated were taken from the military resources of the country. Hence, in time of danger there was no supply to meet any emergency that might arise. Fearing lest, in great difficulties, these funds might revert to their original use, and thus infringe upon their favorite amusement, the Athenians passed a law making it a criminal offense of the highest character to introduce any law for that purpose. Twice during the invasions of Philip of Macedon did Demosthenes attempt to restore the theatrical fund, as it was called, to its proper use in the defense of the nation. But his efforts were fruitless. The corrupted multitude were so wedded to this chief source of their corruptions, that, rather than give up their amusements, they suffered their country's liberties to expire. Had it not been for the degenerating influence of the stage, Greece might long have survived the period of her overthrow. Her vices, and nothing else, proved her ruin. Morality and liberty stand or fall together. If, then, we would preserve our own country free and happy, we must seek to promote religion and a deep-toned morality by every means in our power. The same elements which destroyed Greece are at work among us; and nothing but the Bible and a consequent healthy moral influence can save us from a similar ruin.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

# "I WENT TO GATHER FLOWERS."

There is an engraving in many Albums of the day, with this brief sentence as an explanation of the sentiment which the device is designed to convey. It represents a graveyard in a shady retreat, in which the monuments are disposed in that order of mossy decay and polished freshness which is natural, where the recent dead are occasionally laid among graves that have been tenanted a century. Under a huge and decaying oak, which seems rooted in human mould, is seated a little girl who is weeping. From the device it appears that she had accidentally strayed into those consecrated grounds, to gather the bright and beautiful flowers that sprung up wildly and profusely among the graves. She had not gone there "to bewail the dead," but was lured thither by *flowers*;—that poetry which God has written upon the fields for angels and the innocent of earth to read and revel in. No, she had not come out to *weep*; but rather to be happy in the buoyant hopes of childhood, and carry home some rich trophies of her excursion. But in her blithesome ramble, she has perchance passed a sepulchre in which is garnered up some dear parent—a little brother or sister, or perhaps some beloved playmate. It breaks in upon her happy musings—her thoughts turn back, and in an instant her young heart is flooded with a tide of bitter memories, and she sits down and weeps. Surprised at so sudden a reverse in her feelings, she turns her eye upon the little basket of flowers that lies neglected beside her, and bethinking her purpose, exclaims: "*Why I went to gather flowers!*" Poor child! thus your joyous anticipations have ended in disappointment and tears; and yet you have attained all that you sought for. No allegory on the vicissitudes of human fortune could have been more aptly embodied in an engraving so simple. There is a sentiment written in it that appeals eloquently to our experience of the illusory nature of human pursuits and attainments. This child is but a miniature sketch of *man* fully developed, with all his high resolves and schemes of enjoyment. Like her, we all set forward in the morning of life, each in quest of some cherished object of expectation. The dew of youth has not yet been exhaled, but glistens, like radiant gems upon the flowers of Hope, that so richly border our early pathway. To us, the world is then new and beautiful; and the morning of our existence, seems but the spring morning of the world. We have not yet learned, that the buds of promise, which are breaking so thickly about us, are destined to bloom in such painful contiguity with the thorn and the thistle. We

have not yet learned, that the clearer the sunlight in which we may be basking, the more rapidly it is generating the elements of the tornado. How many go forth into the world to gather flowers;—but alas! how many like our little wanderer meet with sad mementos of departed joys, which cloud the soul, and cause them to sit down and weep. Who has not felt in the bitterness of his spirit that life is a scene of transition and trial!—and that

"The things we deem the surest,  
The first may fade away;  
And flowers that bloom the purest,  
May wither in a day;  
And those 'round whom affection  
Hath 'twin'd her golden wreath,  
May fall by fate's direction,  
Into the arms of death."

But while we should realize the evanescent nature of earthly good, it is not well that we should dwell with despondency on sombre reflections alone. We should rather transfer our hopes and interests to a brighter world; for—

There is above earth's anguish,  
A better, happier clime;  
Where souls now doom'd to languish,  
May feast on bliss sublime.

Yates, N. Y. 1842.

B. W., Jr.

## LEAVES BY THE WAYSIDE.—No. I.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How much, how very much of human life, its many disquietudes, its heartfelt sufferings and wearying cares may be learned from the faces and casual remarks of the wayfarers in a great city. Often a sigh is breathed into our very ear by some burdened heart, unconscious that it hath thus betrayed its sorrows; and we are startled at hearing some low word of regret or tone of entreaty from the lips of those whose garments might otherwise have brushed by us with no word of comment: but no sooner is the slightest key presented revealing another heart, than our sympathies start at the touch; we look back, perhaps turn, that we may get a sight of the face whose heart has thus been, as it were, made known unto us. I speak here only of the profounder feelings of the human bosom, lying too deep for tears, and far, far too deep for smiles; there where deep calleth unto deep in the recesses of that book of mysteries, the human soul.

If we are in a cheerful mood the sight of another face beaming with smiles, or simply tranquil—that holiest of all states of the mind—is welcomed by us with a kindred feeling of pleasure. Even when sad of heart ourselves, if affliction have not made a Marah of bitterness within us, we witness the sight of cheerfulness in others with a gentle benevolence, giving thanks that the light of the great and beautiful earth is not darkened to every eye: but a sad face, one that beareth the superscription of sorrow—the still, soul-speaking traces of endurance—awakens our holiest interest, our heart goeth out in compassion, and we would fain whisper the language of condolence. Most sweet and blessed is this ordination of the Divine will, that in a world like this, where joy is but the oasis in the great desert of suffering, heart should thus beat responsive to heart in its utterance of distress; that its going forth should be more prompt at the great call of weariness and grief than mirth or gladness. Yet let no one believe his heart to be right who curls the lip in scorn or discontent when a glad face appealeth to his own. No, no, whatever be our own lot, let us rejoice with those that do rejoice, and the more that such are in the world, keeping our souls fresh with the dew of youth.

Often when some peculiar expression of face or some touching accent of pathos has attracted my attention in a passer by, I have found myself unconsciously weaving a sketch of what might possibly be the history of the individual. In this way I have created a little drama, in which my characters were all made to act in concert, and all approached a certain crisis. Nor is this an idle

amusement, for alas! to one that hath known sorrow a wild and mysterious leaf is revealed, by which an insight is obtained to (it is sad to think) how many others. I recollect at one time passing a couple, the one a pale, gentle looking girl, leaning on the arm of a dashing youth, who at the very moment they passed me was arranging a faultless whisker, even while the poor girl was looking into his face and earnestly and with deprecating tenderness saying, "But when you are gone away you will forget me." They passed on, but my heart ached for that forlorn girl, just learning her woman's destiny of love and tears, hoping and sorrowing and enduring even to the grave. Alas! alas! that such is womanhood: but let her not faint, for many are the sources that pour blessedness into her cup of life. The cup may be deeply drugged, indeed, but it holdeth the pearl in solution. Not to the flinty rock descendeth the refreshing dew, but to the plant scorched by the noontide heat, and drooping for lack of rain.

To one whose sympathies are alive whenever the voice of humanity is heard, the merest trifle will be full of truth; it will utter a still small voice, but eloquent with teaching; and then he will cover his face with his mantle and go forth, for surely the deep wisdom of humanity will be unfolded before him. He passes a scrap of paper upon the pavé: it hath letters inscribed thereon. He may pass it idly by, and yet who can divine the nature of emotions that swayed the head that dictated those lines. It may be the work of the gay and thoughtless, but ten chances to one that poverty, sickness or sorrow were lurking beneath. Here is one that a gust of wind deposited at my feet, and a strange instinct induced me to pick up and read. How earnest, how simple and touching is its record. We feel it is the utterance of a woman, a wronged, betrayed, yet patient, loving, and suffering woman. Ecce signum.

MR DEAR PHILIP:—I waited here till six last evening in hopes you would have come as you said you would when we parted. Indeed I know not what to do. I am fearful our dear child will not hold out long if I cannot procure nourishment for her. If you could by any way muster me one dollar I will ever be grateful to you, for I ought not ask you, knowing how you are situated yourself. *But what am I to do?* or to whom can I go for relief? I will be back by half past eleven or twelve o'clock. In the mean time I will go and see if I can get a chance in some shipping office for a vessel.

Yours most truly,

P. S.—Pray let me see you by twelve if possible.

I have suppressed the name, for who would bruise the broken reed; and even she, heart-broken in her sorrow, may light upon these pages. "One dollar" only she craves in her urgent necessity, and that not for herself, but her starving child. How unselfish is her love! and yet were it otherwise she would be less than woman. "I ought not to ask you, knowing how you are situated yourself. But what can I do? to whom can I apply for *relief*?" O woman, woman, how affecting is thy appeal, wrung out in the very agony of hopeless, helpless misery. If a shadow of reproach lurks beneath thou art unconscious of the infliction, for thy gentleness dwelt upon thy child and thy unworthy companion only. And he was in perplexity, in trouble too, but in fair, far less than thou wert: for thy own tenderness hath and ever will be thy foe: thy kingdom is within, and disorder there must fill thee with dismay.

Alas! weary and perturbed bosom, thou hast the prayers of at least one heart, and if a tear of hers could wash a stain from thy soul thou hast one sin the less registered against thee. Gentle and sorrowing Magdalene, to whom much is forgiven the same loveth much.

Human life is not all sorrow; there are pictures of humble quietude refreshing to behold; glimpses of common everyday content that make us almost envy those of less refined sensibilities: where the heart hath a perpetual sabbath, and the little toils, the little details that make up the sum of a woman's life are enough, and more than enough to satisfy its capacity for enjoyment: where an extra lace, or a new ribbon giveth a thrill of delight, and no greater trial is imagined than a soil upon a fine dress, a mistake in the compound of a favourite cake, or the failure of a "batch" of bread, or, greatest of all, a "rainy washing day." Contented souls, rest in your felicity: why should the seventh seal in the book of life be revealed to ye, causing silence and dread and mystery: ye may not comprehend them.

A little urchin of some dozen years had become master of a ball of yarn, a treasure picked up in the street. He seated himself upon the carpet and was busily employed in making a ball, the foundation of which was to be gum elastic. In the centre of the old ball was a fold of paper, which he opened and threw aside. Now letters, however uncouth, have a charm for me, and there was a quaintness about the almost printed characters appealing to my eye that attracted the attention. Upon one side were figures, running all diagonally: they might have been the milk score of the good wife. Just below were certain hieroglyphics in the shape of the first rudiments of writing by a child; and the pupil must have been an apt scholar, for the specimen neatly rivalled the copy. But the

pith of the MS. was on the reverse. I shall give it literally, otherwise we shall lose all clue to the history and family of the worthy writer.

"Mrs Chase will you be so good as to lay out the 25 cents in soft bakers bread for Zilpha a loaf or roll or soft biscuit for we have not very good flower of late you may wrap it in the cloth you carried home your cheese in and send it by your father, Mrs Giles sends you a couple of goose wings."

Alack, for there is no name affixed. But excellent and praiseworthy woman, I can gather thy whole history from this little sybilline leaf thrown to the winds of heaven. Thy penmanship too, is decorous and matronly, and although a professor of the art might refuse to recognise some of thy strokes, yet are they characteristic of thyself. Would thou hadst given thy name, but alas! in thy simplicity it did not occur to thee, that it was in the least necessary; for Mrs. Chase was well aware who must be the mother of Zilpha, and the neighbour to good Mrs. Giles, the donor of the "goose wings." We have here not only the writer, but we learn much of Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Giles likewise. A kindly neighbourhood was theirs, abounding in friendly offices, and the business and habits of each open to the other. Do we not see that Mrs. Chase had lately made a call in which the good woman had carried home some extra cheese nicely folded in a napkin, and now she desires the bread may fill the same station, and be sent by the matron's father. Good old man, he has survived the active period of life, and now finds amusement in watching the gambols of the children, as he sits upon a bench beneath the old elm tree that shelters the dwelling of his daughter, Mrs. Chase. Then too little Zilpha is a pet, and her mother hath a bland and becoming smile, and a kindly voice to welcome the gentle old man.

Mrs. Giles must have been a thrifty housewife, who kept a stock of geese, and knowing the exceeding nicety of Mrs. Chase, the care with which dust and annoyances of every kind are removed, she hath deputed the writer to transmit a couple of wings as a suitable offering to so exact a housewife. Beautiful picture of primitive simplicity, of rural content and decent household cares. A blessing be upon ye all. I know not where may be your abiding places, whether Mrs. Chase is still busy with her "goose wings," whether Mrs. Giles is still living to impart her neighbourly good offices, whether little Zilpha be still munching her "roll" or "soft biscuit" as set forth in the note, whether the "poor flower" be all exhausted, or whether all these things have passed away as a dream that is told. Enough, that the spirit of their own contentment went forth to gladden one heart, and to assure her that somewhere is, or hath been, a spot of sunshine, where the shadow so lightly passed, that we scarcely could say, "behold it is here."

## MADGE WILDFIRE.

"I glance like the wildfire through country and town;  
 I'm seen on the causeway, I'm seen on the down;  
 The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,  
 Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me."

WE have selected for one of our illustrations, the imaginary likeness of this wild and beautiful creature of Scott, familiar to every reader of that delightful novel, the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Although, to a considerable extent, Scott has availed himself of the aid of fiction in the drawing of this character, at the same time he has kept closer to truth and nature, than in almost any of the other innumerable *personæ* of his writings. That such a being did exist, is beyond a doubt, as there are yet living, in many parts of Scotland, aged individuals, who can recollect the poor creature, known by the appellation of Feckless Fanny, and who, between the years 1767 and 1775, had travelled over the greater part of Scotland and England. In the notes attached to the novel, we find a brief sketch of her, which is the substance of her history, as related by herself. "I am," she says, "the only daughter of a wealthy 'squire, in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion, mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol; I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all; but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend to the grave." ¶The sheep mentioned, were twelve or thirteen in number, and were her constant companions: in all her wanderings, and so docile were they, and endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey, in the most surprising manner, any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields—for she would never enter into a house—they always disputed who should lie next her, and if she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so 'till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her clothes, and frisking about. In this pitiable and harmless manner she spent her life, 'till, passing through Glasgow in Scotland, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, 'till she

became so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner, that she was actually stoned to death. Out of these true and affecting materials did the wizard conjure this beautiful creation, and who is now represented when she overtakes Jonnie Deans on her road to London. "Across the man's cap or riding hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled and dirty, which had first bedecked a lady of quality, then descended to her Abigail, and dazzled the inmates of the servants' hall—a tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder belt, or baldrick, and in her hand she held a willow switch which she had cut in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod."

R. H.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

## MARTYRS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM T. TAYLOR.

The path of science is aptly represented as winding up the mountain side, which is very difficult of ascent, on whose summit stands the temple of Fame, where the genius of Truth is ever ready to encircle the brows of those who seek her favor, with chaplets of never-fading laurel. The flitting visions of these chaplets, which he sees in the dim future, urge on the ambitious student in the pursuit of knowledge. At morn, ere the sun has tinged the eastern hills, he pursues his weary task; at night, when darkness and silence pervade the land—when all nature is at rest, he still toils on, nor does he cease when midnight has hung out her starry lamps, unless his exhausted frame, and trembling hand bid him retire. Such is his daily, hourly toil, that he may not be forgotten by the beings of the next age, nor die “unwept, unhonored, and unsung.” Sometimes, indeed, it happens that the severity of his toil is far beyond the measure of his strength. His slender form is wasted; his cheek grows pallid, his sparkling eye loses its lustre, and he falls a prey to a lingering disease. Then he will often exclaim—

“Are these the price of wisdom? These?  
This aching head,—this inward smart,—  
No rest by night,—by day no ease,—  
This anguish of the fainting heart?”

His glittering hopes have fled; the bright visions of his fancy fade away, and whilst his eyes are steadfastly fixed on the long-desired goal, he perishes a *martyr student*.

But men of science have not suffered from their intense application to study alone, for when we unroll the annals of time, and look over the records of past ages, we find that men of mighty minds have suffered for the truths they uttered, and some of them been put to death, whilst they were endeavoring to benefit mankind.

We often wonder that men of “olden time” could have been so blind to their own interest as to refuse the very knowledge which was offered them, and to imagine that the learning of their fathers was sufficient for them, and that that should be handed down untouched to the latest generation.

How great has been the band of martyrs!  
With what exertion did they toil on in the

proclamation of truth to the ignorant many! Who can describe their sufferings from neglect, persecution, and want! They met with opposition on every hand, but they nobly struggled on, believing that "after ages" would judge them and their works by a proper standard. What noble souls those men must have possessed, who, during those "dark ages," (as we must call them,) when liberty of speech was denied them, and their very thoughts were fettered, and restrained, could suffer, and even die for the truths they espoused.

Athens, that old republic, by the murder of her wisest and best philosopher, has left a stain upon her glory which time can never efface. But Socrates has woven for himself a crown of honor; he fell in the glorious cause of truth, and will not be forgotten.

As a martyr of science, the name of Galileo stands prominent, who was thrown into a dark and dreary cell, for endeavoring to dispel from the minds of his countrymen the ignorance in which they had long been held. In vain he taught them that this world was not the centre of the universe; in vain he taught them that it rolled on in majesty around the bright luminary of heaven; that the very stars were worlds, many of them greater, brighter, and perhaps nobler than their own. But his bold spirit was not daunted by persecution, for in the walls of his very prison he pursued his studies, that he might deliver to posterity the emanations of his mighty mind. At his death his cruel persecutors refused him even a monument; but he needed none, for his name is inscribed in the temple of fame, and will be handed down to the latest generation, —'tis linked with the stars of heaven, and when we look up to those bright worlds, let us remember

"The starry Galileo with his woes."

In the little country of Denmark there lived one, who, like Galileo, loved to view those bright orbs above, and to trace their course through the heavens; but he mounted higher far above them, and fixed his thoughts on the eternal Throne of God. I refer to the pious Tycho Brache. He fled from his country to escape persecution from men jealous of his renown, who had represented to their sovereign, that his studies were heretical, and injurious to the nation. The ingratitude of his countrymen, and the severity of his labors caused his death—he fell a martyr to science.

There is scarcely a country in the old world, even though it may not have persecuted, that has not at least allowed its master spirits to suffer. Look at England, and how many (whom I must call martyrs) has she neglected!

The immortal author of "Paradise Lost,"

when blindness had seized him, spent his last days in a remote corner of the land. She allowed him, whom she should have gloried in—whom she should have crowned with everlasting honors—to sink into poverty, and to die in want.

See the discoverer of our own happy land, and though he was not a "martyr of literature or science," yet he may be mentioned as one who received the reward which often falls to the truly great. Upon a false accusation he is chained in a dungeon,—he, whom his countrymen should have revered and respected, is immured in a cell, and even the honor of naming his discovery is refused him. But, while the "star splinkled banner" floats in triumph over this land of liberty, the name of Columbia will sound sweeter to the descendants of freemen, than that their country bears.

Those were the times when intellect was obliged to bend to power; when authority prevailed over reason. Then wealth and power were the only roads to honor, and men of the mightiest minds were bound down, when they endeavored to soar into the regions of thought. Now we are as free as the mountain breeze,—free to think, to speak, and to act, where we do not injure our fellow-men. Now, by the cultivation of their native genius, any may rise to seats of honor and renown; and in this our own land, motives and inducements are held out to urge us on to fame.

Although many have been the "martyrs of literature and science;" yet the persecution of the advocates has not destroyed the glorious cause, for it is the cause of Truth, and its progress is ever onward; it will go on until the end of time, nor will it cease then, for God himself has proclaimed by his word, that "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter;" and oh! it is a happy thought, that in the "world of light" we shall go on increasing in knowledge, and shall approximate, though very faintly, to the perfection of Deity, "whose knowledge from infinity to infinity is *one eternal now*."

Philadelp'ia, Nov. 1842.



## MEMORABLE EVENTS IN JANUARY.

[Extract's from Munsell's "Every Day Book."]

*Jan. 1, 1644*, Michob Ader, calling himself the Wandering Jew, appeared at Paris, where he created an extraordinary sensation among all ranks. He pretended to have lived sixteen hundred years, and that he had travelled through all regions of the world. He was visited by the literati of the city, and no one could accost him in a language that he was ignorant of; he was also familiar with the history of persons and events from the time of Christ, so that he was never confounded by intricate or cross-questions; but replied readily and without embarrassment. Of course he claimed an acquaintance with all the celebrated characters of the previous sixteen centuries. He said of himself that he was usher of the court of judgment in Jerusalem, where all criminal cases were tried at the time of our Savior; that his name was Michob Ader; and that for thrusting Jesus out of the hall with these words, "Go, why tarriest thou?" the Messiah answered him, "I go, but tarry thou till I come;" thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment. The learned looked upon him as a counterfeit or madman, yet they took their leave of him bewildered and astonished.

*Jan. 1, 1801*, Union of Great Britain with Ireland.

*Jan. 2, 17*, Livy, or Titus Livius, died at Padua. His history of Rome, to which he devoted twenty years, rendered him so celebrated, that a Spaniard is said to have gone from Cadiz to Rome for the purpose merely of seeing him. In the fifteenth century, his body was supposed to have been discovered at Padua, and a splendid monument raised to his memory. His history was written in 140 books, of which only 35 are extant. Five of these were discovered at Worms 1731, and some fragments are said to have been lately found at Herculaneum. Few particulars of his life are known, but his fame was great even while he lived, and his history has rendered him immortal. His other writings are some philosophical works, and a letter to his son on the merits of authors.

*Jan. 3., 107, B. C.* Birthday of Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator.

*Jan. 3, 1805*, Alexander Wedderburn, lord

Rosslyn, died. He distinguished himself as a lawyer, and was appointed solicitor general in 1771, in which office he is remarkable for having insulted Franklin in arguing on American affairs before the privy council. He joined the administration under Pitt, in 1793, and succeeded lord Thurlow as chancellor; from which office he retired in 1801, with the title of Earl of Rosslyn. He is the author of a work on the management of prisons.

*Jan. 4 1837*, James Chambers, an eccentric poet, died in misery at a farm-house in Stradbroke, England. From the age of 16 to 70 he wandered about the country, gaining a precarious subsistence by selling his own effusions, of which he had a number printed in a cheap form. His compositions were mostly suggested to him by his muse, during the stillness of night while reposing in some friendly barn or hay-loft. When so inspired, he would rise and commit the effusion to paper. He continued through life in hopeless poverty, and was a lonely man and a wanderer, who had neither act nor part in the common ways of the world.

*Jan. 5, 62, B. C.*, Lucius Sergius Catiline, the Roman conspirator, killed in Etruria. The history of his life unfolds a series of the most revolting crimes; but there is reason to believe that some of them are unreal. Murder, rapine and conflagration were the first deeds and pleasures of his life; and he is suspected of having murdered his first wife and son. Pompey Crassus and Cæsar favored his schemes with a view to their own aggrandizement. Only two Romans remained determined to uphold their falling country—Cato and Cicero. The speeches of the latter in the Roman Senate on the crisis of affairs are imperishable monuments of eloquence and patriotism, and produced the overthrow of the conspirators. Five of them were put to death, and Cataline being surrounded by the army under Petreius resolved to die sword in hand. The battle was fought with desperation, and the insurgents fell, with their leader at their head.

*Jan. 7, 1610*, Galilei discovered the satellites of Jupiter.

*Jan. 7, 1776*, Thomas Clapp, an American mathematician and natural philosopher died. He graduated at Harvard college, and by singular industry made great acquisitions in almost every branch of learning. In 1739 he was elected president of Yale College, and continued in that office till the year before his death. He constructed the first orrery in America. He wrote a history of the college, and had prepared materials for a history of Connecticut.

*Jan. 8, 1642*, Galileo Galilei, the astronomer, died. He was born at Pisa, 1564, and early showed a strong inclination to mechanical labors. His father, a Florentine nobleman, gave him a classical education, and he became versed in the ancient languages, drawing and music; but ultimately turned his attention to mathematics and natural science.

Among the discoveries and inventions to which he was led by the pursuit of these studies, were, the use of the pendulum as a measure of time; the hydrostatic balance; the geometrical and military compass; the thermometer (ascribed to him, although it is probable that he only improved it); the telescope, which in Holland remained imperfect and useless, Galileo turned to the heavens, and in a short time made a series of the most important discoveries. Yet important and brilliant as was the result of his labors to science and the world, his after life was constantly embittered by them. His first persecutors were the followers of the Aristotelean system of philosophy; but subsequently these tormentors were joined by the pope and the inquisition, and imprisonment and disgrace in his old age, were the fruits of his labors by day and his vigils by night, for the benefit of mankind. The year in which he died gave birth to Newton.

**Jan. 9, 1621,** The Plymouth colonists commenced the erection of their projected town, which they built in two rows of houses for greater security. The same street still exists, leading to the water side.

**Jan. 10, 1812,** London involved for several hours in impenetrable darkness. The sky, where any light pervaded it, showed the aspect of bronze. It was the effect of a cloud of smoke, which, from the peculiar state of the atmosphere, did not pass off. Were it not for the peculiar mobility of the atmosphere, this city of a hundred thousand chimneys would be scarcely habitable in winter.

**Jan. 11,** The first English Lottery drawn, at London. It continued day and evening four months. The prizes were money, plate and merchandize. It had been advertised two years at the time it took place.

**Jan. 12, 400, B. C.** Xenophon, with the 10,000 forces a passage through the defiles of Armenia.

**Jan. 13, 1399,** The Tartars, under Tamerlane, pillaged the imperial city of Delhi, and two days after wantonly massacred the entire Indian population.

**Jan. 14, 1838,** Navy Island evacuated by the Canadians, &c., under Mackenzie and Van Rensselaer, 510 in number. The arms belonging to the United States were surrendered, as also the cannon belonging to the state of New York.

**Jan. 15, 1549,** The liturgy of the English church established by Parliament. All the divine offices were to be performed according to the new liturgy, and infringements were to be punished by forfeitures and imprisonments, and for the third offence imprisonment for life. Visitors were appointed to see that it was received throughout England. From this time we may date the era of the Puritans.

**Jan. 16, 1599,** Edmund Spenser, the English poet, died. He was born in London 1553. His first poem, the *Shepherd's Calendar*, appeared in 1576. Four years after he

went to Ireland as private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and commenced the *Faery Queen* while in that country. The rebellion of the Earl of Tyrone took place with such fury that he was obliged to leave the country in so great confusion that an infant child was left behind, and burnt with his house. The unfortunate poet died soon after his arrival in England, in consequence of these misfortunes, aged 46.

**Jan. 17, 1789,** John Ledyard, the traveller, died. He was born at Groton, Conn., 1751; entered Dartmouth college at the age of 19, but for some reproof resolved to escape: accordingly he felled a tree on the bank of the Connecticut, of which he constructed a canoe, and descended the river 140 miles to Hartford: studied theology a while, and then enlisted as a common sailor for a voyage to Gibraltar; accompanied Capt. Cook in one of his voyages, of which he published an account. Not meeting with assistance to prosecute any of the daring enterprizes he proposed, he finally determined to make the tour of the globe from London east, on foot; and had proceeded as far as Yakutsk in Siberia, when he was arrested by order of the queen as a French spy, and hurried back to the frontiers of Poland. He returned to London, he says, "disappointed, ragged, penniless, but with a whole heart." He had scarcely taken lodgings when Sir Joseph Banks proposed an African expedition. He accepted the offer, and proceeded as far as Cairo, where he was attacked by a disease which carried him off.

**Jan. 18, 1531,** The first English tragedy performed, at Whitehall, before the queen. It was entitled *Gorboduc*, from the name of a supposed ancient British king, and was written by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton. It consists of five acts, each preceded by a dumb show, prefiguring what is to occur; the first four acts close by choruses in rhyme, and the fifth by a didactic speech of nearly two hundred lines. Sir Philip Sydney pronounced it "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his stile, and full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach."

**Jan. 19, 1576,** Hans Sachs, the famous German master-singer died. He was born at Nuremberg 1494, his occupation that of shoe-maker. At the age of 14 he began to write poetry, and made verses and shoes, plays and pumps, with equal assiduity, to the age of 77, when he took an inventory of his literary stock in trade. It consisted of 4200 songs, 508 comedies, and other pieces, in all 6048, making 32 folio volumes written by his own hand. From these a selection was published in 5 volumes folio. His poems are distinguished for *naivete*, feeling and striking description.

**Jan. 20, 1790,** Lafayette, in the assembly of the states general supported the motion for the abolition of titles of nobility, from which period he renounced his own, and never afterwards resumed it.

(The remainder in our next.)

## MODERN SERVITUDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOSING AND WINNING," "SENSIBILITY," ETC.

"You are late to-night, girls," said Mrs. Berry, as her daughters, Lucretia and Diana, entered the parlour; "I have been expecting you for an hour."

"Not so long as that, mother, though we are rather late," said Lucretia.

"We came sooner than we wanted to, after all," said Diana; "and every one else seemed as unwilling to come away as we were. We have not had so delightful a party this season, mother."

"Mrs. N— understands just how to do these things up, and has a husband to help her," said Mrs. Berry. "Were there any strangers at Mrs. N—'s to-night?"

"Several," answered Lucretia.

"Ladies or gentlemen?" inquired the mother.

"Both," replied Lucretia, "but most of the latter."

"Mr. N— always keeps on the alert," said Mrs. Berry, "and will secure all the gentlemen there are to be found. Were these strangers you speak of the new settlers in town, or only transient visitors?"

"One at least, Mr. Parks, designs to be a resident," answered Diana.

"Is he worth cultivating?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"From his appearance I should think favourably of him," said Lucretia with an air of cool indifference, while Diana gave her a look of much meaning.

"Were the ladies much dressed to-night?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"Very much," answered Diana: "I never saw so many rich dresses, jewels, and beautiful flowers worn at a party in my life: it seemed as if each lady had determined to look her very best."

"I hope they did not look better—were not better dressed than yourselves!" said the mother, looking up with some anxiety.

"Some of them looked like frights, after all their cost and pains," said Diana, "and not one of them looked as well as Lu."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Lucretia.

"And Willie Eaton told me in a whisper," proceeded Diana, "that, next to her sister, Di. Berry looked better than any lady present."

"Oh, you vain little thing!" cried Mrs. Berry with a smile of peculiar satisfaction. "Did Lucretia play and sing?" she inquired.

"Yes, delightfully," said Diana.

"You had better go to bed, mother," said Lucretia; "it is getting late, and you look weary."

After proposing several other questions, quite as important as those that had preceded them, Mrs. Berry took her daughter's advice, and the young

ladies were left by themselves. Scarcely was the door closed upon them when Diana exclaimed—

"Was he not one of the most gentlemanly—one of the most polished creatures you ever saw, Lucretia?"

"Who?" asked Lucretia with great gravity.

"Who!—How provoking you are, Lu!—Just as if you don't know that I mean Mr. Parks. But if you are not frank I shall not tell you what I learned about him to-night!"

"Well, then," said Lucretia, "I do think his manners prepossessing in an unusual degree. Now what did you hear about him?"

"Why, I heard that he is the only son of a very rich father, who did not choose to spoil him, as he calls it, by letting him have a fortune to begin the world with; so after giving him a first-rate education, he left him to depend on his own exertions, just as poorer people have to do."

"Is this all you have learned?" asked Lucretia.

"O no; I learned that he is accounted rather odd, and is very, *very* particular in his notions of right and wrong."

"He may be as particular as he pleases," said Lucretia; "but who told you all this?"

"Willie Eaton," answered Diana.

"I thought so," said Lucretia: "Willie seems to know everything about everybody by instinct; and all he knows he tells you."

"He told me something more," said Diana, "which I have a great mind to keep to myself, you are so very sharp."

"But you will tell," said Lucretia; "you could not keep it to yourself if you would: what is it?"

"Why, he said he would come with him to-morrow and give us a call."

"Then he is acquainted with him?"

"Certainly he is: they were class-mates in college, and graduated together nearly five years ago, though Willie has scarcely seen him since."

"Well, we shall neither look nor feel the better for sitting up all night, I suppose," said Lucretia; "so, if you please, we will go to our chamber."

The first thing that recurred to the recollection of Lucretia Berry, when she opened her eyes in the morning, was the promise of Mr. Eaton to call upon them with Mr. Parks. She did not mention the subject; nevertheless she prepared herself for the expected visit. In remembrance of the reputed *very particular notions of right and wrong* of her new acquaintance, she brought forth Mrs. H. More's "Practical Piety"—a work given her by a pious aunt, but which, for a long period of time, had not

seen the light of day—and quietly laid it, not on the centre-table, as for family use, but on her work-table, as a book for her own special reading and improvement. In her work-basket, which was upon the table, was placed a beautiful pocket-bible, partly concealed from view. Her morning dress might have suited the correct taste of a Parisian belle. She wore a delicate buff print, and buff slippers; and to conceal the hair-pins that bespoke the preconcerted plan of tresses elaborately dressed, she had on her head a small and highly becoming buff crape cap, while the hair which was visible was smoothly parted on her forehead. Her arrangements for the morning were completed in perfect silence, and as the hour approached in which visitors might be expected, she busied herself, with apparent carelessness, about some trifle in her chamber.

"Do you remember," asked Diana, who was just finishing her toilette, which was less simple, but which had not cost half the time of her sister's, "Do you remember that Willie and Mr. Parks are to call here this morning, Lucretia?"

"Yes, I *now* recollect that you said some such thing last night; but what if they are?"

"Why, nothing very particular; only I didn't know but you might wish to make some little preparation."

"And is a call from a couple of gentlemen so singular and important an event as to require special preparation?" asked Lucretia.

"That is just as one happens to think," said Diana as she gave the finishing touch to her morning dress by placing a just bursting China rosebud in her hair; then, as she turned from the mirror to leave the chamber, she cast her eyes on her sister and added—"but I perceive by your attire that it was quite unnecessary to refresh your memory."

In due time the expected visitors appeared, and made quite a long call. They found the ladies very agreeable, and made themselves equally so. The stranger was particularly pleased. Mrs. Berry struck him as a kind-hearted, affectionate woman, of good common sense, and easy manners. If there was anything not exactly pleasing, it was her too great anxiety to please, and some appearance of a desire to show off her daughters. This, Mr. Parks very justly thought extremely injudicious in all cases. If daughters are truly excellent and interesting, it will be known in due time, and in a more agreeable manner than by direct display; if they are not, the effort is worse than useless. In the present instance it was quite unnecessary: both of the sisters pleased him—Diana by her playfulness and vivacity, and Miss Berry by the smiling composure with which she bore her sister's sallies, which were often directed against herself. He thought her possessed of dignity and decorum in an unusual degree. Both of the young ladies, too, were very pretty—Miss Berry particularly so. He had noticed her beauty on the previous evening; but he had often thought ladies beautiful, when seen in full dress, at an evening's assembly, in a blaze of artificial light, who, the next morning, en

dishabille, by the light of the sun, were quite the reverse. Miss Berry, on the contrary, was certainly far more attractive, if not more beautiful, in the retirement of home, and in her simple morning dress, than she had been in the brilliant party. Another thing pleased him. Mrs. Berry occupied a fine house, and the style in which the rooms were furnished suited his taste. There was no rivalry of a toy-shop in the variety of ornaments and pieces of antique China exhibited; nor of a barber's shop by the display of numberless prints and caricatures on the centre-table. This modern *improvement* in furnishing houses, which many persons have adopted, Mr. Parks considered either a tacit confession that they were unequal to entertaining their guests by any intellectual effort, or an implied supposition that their guests were incapable of being so entertained. At Mrs. Berry's everything was elegant, but at the same time useful.

On taking leave Mr. Parks was gratified by receiving an invitation from Mrs. Berry to call on them whenever it would give him pleasure to do so; and it soon became his pleasure to call often. At few houses where he visited could he pass an hour or two so agreeably. True, Mrs. Berry did not please him more by a fuller acquaintance: her excessive maternal love seemed to have degenerated into selfishness; and few things appeared to interest her in which her daughters were not directly concerned. Beside, her too evident anxiety to display their accomplishments annoyed him exceedingly—the more, as the young ladies themselves had too much good sense and good taste to fall in with the system. As a rare case, however, the daughters were more interesting on account of this weakness in their mother, as it gave play to Diana's vivacity, who laughed it off with the best grace imaginable, while Miss Berry only appeared more dignified and retiring, from every maternal effort to bring her virtues and acquirements into notice. But that which pleased him most of all was the fact, that though he had seen the daughters evidently mortified by this indelicate habit into which their mother had fallen, he had never seen either of them give her even a *look* that indicated displeasure or disrespect.

One morning when Mr. Parks called at Mrs. Berry's he found Lucretia reading. He took a seat near her, which was directly beside her work-table; and after a few moments' conversation, took up the volume she had laid down on his entrance. It was "Paradise Lost." With eyes sparkling with pleasure he said—

"It is truly gratifying, Miss Berry, to find a young lady turning from the inundation of modern literature to make acquaintance with a poem like this!"

Lucretia silently bowed to his complimentary remark. Successively Mr. Parks took up each little volume that lay on the table—for to "Practical Piety" Miss Berry had very judiciously added "Cowper's Task" and "Fenelon's Reflections"—and when he had looked at each he remarked—

"This is, indeed, a choice little selection!" and added, as he lightly touched the Bible which still lay in the work-basket, "that is the crown of glory to all the rest!"

Miss Berry's heart throbbed with exultation at her success. This was the first time, frequent as the visits of Mr. Parks had been, that he had taken a seat by the work-table; consequently her *choice selection* had hitherto remained unnoticed. She had not expected that it would much sooner come under his observation, for his manner was a little reserved, and very respectful. This was a cause of self-gratulation to her, rather than otherwise, as in the intermediate time she had prepared herself to talk understandingly of each work, a thing which on her first acquaintance with Mr. Parks, she could not possibly have done. She felt that the success of her scheme was complete.

Most of the time during his long and, both to himself and Miss Berry, exceedingly interesting call, they were alone; but just before he took leave Diana came in. She was just in season to learn that they were talking of books, and *such* books as she had not been accustomed to hear her sister speak of. The moment the visitor was gone, she went to the work-table and took up first one, and then another of the volumes, and then with a laugh, full of meaning, asked—

"How long since, Lu., took you to reading *homilies*?"

"I have not taken to reading homilies," replied Lucretia.

"I suppose, then, you read these books at the recommendation of Mr. Parks. He selected them for you, hey?"

"He had not that honour," answered Lucretia, "the selection is my own, and I read them at the instigation of no one—Miss More's work excepted, which you well know was given me by Aunt Sumner just before her death."

Diana fixed her eyes on her sister for a minute and then said—

"I look on you with admiration, Lucretia! You do understand yourself to perfection, and certainly are the *wisest and discreetest*, if not the *best* of women!"

"What author are you quoting now?" asked Lucretia.

"Author?—I'm sure I don't know! It is part of something I heard Willie Eaton say one day, about some woman, who was 'the wisest, discreetest, best,' and he is the author for aught I know."

"If you have occasion to quote it again," said Lucretia, "you had best credit it to Milton instead of Mr. Eaton."

"I am happy to perceive that you profit by your new course of reading," said Diana, "and most heartily do I wish you perfect success in *all* your new studies."

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The acquaintance of Mr. Parks with Mrs. Berry and her daughters was almost bordering on intimacy, when he one day asked his landlady at

whose shop he should be most likely to find some trifling article of which he was in need. She directed him to the store of a Mr. Berry, where, she said, one could usually find that which could be obtained nowhere else. In the course of the day he went to this shop as directed, and found it a somewhat large and crowded variety store. He saw no clerk, but was waited on by Mr. Berry himself. There was something in this gentleman's appearance that strongly awakened the sympathies of Mr. Parks. His person was good, and his face peculiarly amiable and intellectual; but he looked as if either worn out, or sick, and though his countenance was serene, any one, if at all observant, would quickly have discovered that his "brow was the seat of care." While looking at him, Mr. Parks could not but think that he was originally designed for something better, something more elevated and more elevating than measuring off yards of silk, or selling pocket-handkerchiefs. The sympathy awakened in his heart led him to the shop of Mr. Berry whenever he had purchases to make of such things as were likely to be there found; and at each successive visit to the store, his interest was strengthened. He soon learned that Mr. Berry was a very hard-working man. Morning, noon and evening he was at his post, always busy, always on his feet, and always mild and placid; but he never looked as if his heart were buoyant—no, not for a moment.

At first Mr. Parks thought that his new shop acquaintance had no assistant; but in process of time this mistake was corrected. The second time he had called on him, he noticed a young lady behind the counter, very neatly attired, with a little gipsy hat on her head, from which beamed forth a remarkably sweet countenance. At the time, he supposed her to be a relative or intimate acquaintance of Mr. Berry's, who, in his press of business, was permitted to wait on herself; but repeated calls taught him that she was a regular assistant in the store. He learned too the relationship that existed between the gentleman and herself, for she called Mr. Berry "uncle." For a good while he knew of her only that her name was *Mary*, but he at length heard a customer call her "Miss Sumner."

Mr. Parks had one peculiarity. He never asked a question about any person, or their affairs, which could possibly be avoided. This arose from his having read, when quite a boy, some severe strictures in an English publication, on the excessive inquisitiveness of Yankees. He had suffered very little from this singularity. True, he had not learned every one's domestic history quite so soon as those who ask a thousand questions; but in this loquacious and communicative world he had usually learned all that it was desirable to know quite soon enough.

With regard to the Berrys, appearances spoke so plainly, that he hardly realized that the most he knew concerning them was only conjecture. From the first he had supposed Mrs. Berry to be a rich widow. Her house, her whole establishment, her

own and her daughters' pursuits, were such as pertain to the wealthy: and she certainly was a widow, for he had often been asked if he were acquainted with Mrs. Berry and her daughters; or, if he often visited at Mrs. Berry's, with questions of the like import, without ever hearing of a Mr. Berry as appertaining to the family; and farther, he had frequently heard Mrs. Berry, when other ladies and their arrangements were spoken of, remark, that they had husbands to help them, or something of similar purport. Of course she must be a widow. Mr. Berry, the shop-keeper, he was equally confident, was the poor brother of her wealthy, but deceased husband. A family resemblance of the Miss Berrys to his shop acquaintance first gave him this idea; and it was confirmed when he learned that Mary's other name was Sumner—as he instantly recollected that on the blank leaf of Miss Berry's "Practical Piety" were written these words—"The gift of my dear aunt, Mary Sumner, who died August 2, 18—." This must have been the mother of the Mary Sumner he knew, and of course the latter was cousin to Lucretia and Diana, and dependent on her uncle, as every appearance indicated.

Repeatedly when Mr. Parks had been in Mr. Berry's shop, and seen Mary actively employed in waiting on customers, hastening to hand one article after another, without a moment's rest, he could not but contrast her situation with that of her cousins, who seemed to have nothing to do but enjoy the profusion that wealth poured upon them; and when he had met Mr. Berry, after toiling for hours behind the counter, bearing parcels to his customers, such as gentlemen are wont to send by their inferior clerks, or by an errand boy, he could not but reflect how widely various are the favours of fortune, even to the different branches of the same family. The strong contrast in the situation and circumstances of these relatives served greatly to increase his sympathy for those who were so far from being the favourites of fortune.

One morning when Mr. Parks was at Mrs. Berry's, that lady inquired whether he knew of any strangers of distinction being in town, and made known, as the reason for asking the question, her intention to give a *soirée* in the course of a week. After receiving an answer, she went on talking of the contemplated party, until interrupted by a morning call from a young lady, Miss M. Other, and the most commonplace topics were then introduced and talked of till the young lady took leave.

"Do you not mean to send a card to Miss M. for our *soirée*, mother?" asked Diana as soon as she was gone.

"Certainly not!" said Lucretia, and "No, my dear," said her mother. Both answered at the same moment.

"And why not?" inquired Diana.

"I should think your own sense of propriety would tell you, Diana," said Miss Berry, while Mrs. Berry remarked that she disliked *mixed* companies.

"I am sure, mamma," said Diana, "Lucy is very pretty, very genteel, and well educated, and belongs to a first-rate family."

"But in very reduced circumstances," said Mrs. Berry. "All the world knows that Lucy now earns her livelihood by her needle!"

"She was at Mrs. Vose's brilliant assembly the other evening," said Diana.

At this moment Miss Berry turned to the piano, and striking the keys said to Mr. Parks—

"I came across a piece of music yesterday that pleased me: will you favour me with your opinion of it?"

Miss Berry had heard her mother and sister argue on a similar point before; and when they grew warm she could not always trust their discretion before visitors. She did not engage the attention of Mr. Parks any too soon for her purpose.

"Mr. Vose," replied Mrs. Berry, in answer to what Diana had said, "Mr. Vose is worth two hundred thousand dollars at least, and of course his wife can notice whoever she pleases, and it all goes off well enough."

"They have risen from nothing," said Diana, "and Mrs. Vose, with all their wealth and show, is a vulgar woman: neither her manners nor her blood are a fiftieth part as good as Miss M.'s."

"But neither *manners* nor *blood* will do in these days, Diana; without wealth, or the *appearance* of wealth, people cannot maintain their footing in a certain circle."

"Well, I do protest," said Diana, "I would declare my independence, and invite to my house those persons whom I liked, whether rich or poor; and I do wish you would send for Lucy."

"I *shall* and *do* declare my independence, Diana," said her mother, "and will *not* send for Miss M. If she chooses to drop in occasionally and take a social cup of tea with us, as *your* friend, very well; but beyond this I shall not go." So saying, she left the room.

Miss Berry continued to play for some time after her mother withdrew, lest her motive might be suspected; and soon after she turned from the piano Mr. Parks took leave. As he pursued his way the remarks which he had heard relative to Miss M. recurred to his memory. "I hope," thought he, "that this dislike of mixed companies will not induce Mrs. and Miss Berry to withhold an invitation to their party from their poor, laborious kinsman and his interesting niece. It would be cruel to wound their feelings so deeply, only on the score of comparative poverty on his part, and useful occupation on hers." He sighed as he reflected on the false notions that so extensively pervaded society; yet mentally acknowledged the difficulty there was in drawing the true line. "When," pursued he, "that happy period arrives—and arrive it will—when virtue and rectitude will be universally honoured, and the unprincipled alone slighted, these things will be managed as they should be. *Respect*, wealth alone never did command, except from vulgar minds; but *attention*, and a kind of

"I will secure, until the world is governed by just principles."

Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Parks to the contrary, Mrs. Berry was *not* a widow: there was a Mr. Berry appended to the family, who sustained the honourable rank of her husband, and the father of her daughters. One morning, at the breakfast table, Mrs. Berry informed him that she thought of receiving company in the course of a few evenings.

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Berry.

"But I want something more than *very well*," said Mrs. Berry: "you must supply me with money to meet the expenses; and learn what strangers of note there are in town, that no such one may be overlooked."

"Strangers?" said Mr. Berry—"I hope you are not thinking of a large party!"

"And why do you *hope* so, Mr. Berry?" inquired his helpmeet: "the girls have attended a large number of brilliant parties this season, and it is necessary to our credit and respectability that we should give one in return."

"It is far more necessary to *my* credit," said Mr. Berry with mildness, but with apparent anxiety, "that I should be able to meet the demands of my merchants with punctuality. The first time I ever had the mortification of asking for a *longer day* was after the last large party you gave; and it was by much hard labour, for many months, that I got over the derangement of my business, occasioned by that needless expense. I fear, my dear, you do not realize the importance of an unimpeached credit in the mercantile world."

"I am sure, father," said Diana, "that such an upright, honourable, and pains-taking man as you are, can never want credit: you could get trusted for thousands wherever you are known."

"Who could conceive such an idea as that our father should want credit!" said Lucretia with an expression of scorn on her fair lip.

"I should be sorry to abuse that credit, my daughters, or push it to its utmost limit," said Mr. Berry: "and on one account, credit of this kind is dangerous, as it may lead a man to involve himself in debt, forgetting that pay day must come at last."

"This is all very dull, and very useless, and very annoying," said Mrs. Berry: "the party we must make: I have already made known my intention to a large number of our best acquaintances, and to give it up now is impossible. I am sure I should be as glad as any one to get rid of the fuss and trouble of it altogether, if I could; the worst of it comes upon my own shoulders, after all."

Mr. Berry sighed as he said—"It were better that, first of all, you should consult me when you have any such scheme in agitation."

"I never once thought of your making any objection," said Mrs. Berry: "you have lived long enough to know, that would we live in the world, we must do as the world does."

"How much money do you calculate it will take to meet the necessary expenses?" inquired Mr. Berry.

Mrs. Berry named the sum that she thought indispensable, but added, as she marked the expression of her husband's face, "We will all try, by retrenchment in other things, to save it in a short time."

Mr. Berry sighed again, but remained silent: he had before been led into compliance with his wife's extravagant plans by promises of future economy, but had never been able to perceive the fruits of her thriftiness. Notwithstanding all this, he permitted his lady to take her own way. The greatest defect in his character was a morbid delicacy and tenderness of feeling, which would not permit him to say to his wife and daughters, even when his own reason and judgment demanded it—"I cannot—I will not;"—"You must not—you shall not."

The evening of the soirée at length arrived, and the house of Mrs. Berry was brilliant with lights, decorations, and fashionable people; for in matters of this sort, that lady could not endure to be "an inch behind the foremost man." Mr. Parks was there, of course; and it was with peculiar satisfaction that he discovered among the crowd of guests the cheerful, blooming face of Miss Sumner, and not long after, the mild but care-worn countenance of her uncle. Mr. Parks thought the latter looked less cheerful than usual; and in the early part of the evening he missed him from the rooms. At this he was not surprized; for there was something in Mr. Berry's appearance which testified that the midst of a crowd of gay and fashionable people was not the place where he could enjoy the highest degree of happiness. Nevertheless, his young friend rejoiced to see him there; rejoiced that he and his interesting niece had not been mortified by the neglect of their wealthy relatives. His heart glowed with kindness toward Mrs. Berry and her daughters at this proof of their delicate consideration for the feelings of those who were apparently so far beneath them in point of fortune, if on no other account.

Music made a part of the evening's entertainment. Miss Berry played and sang—and she did both with skill, and was followed by other young ladies, who were willing to contribute their part toward the pleasure of the evening. Last of all, at the request of a friend, Miss Sumner took the seat at the piano to sing "Are there Tidings." She performed it with peculiar sweetness and effect; the music and her voice seemed made for each other. Mr. Parks was both surprized and pleased; and turning to Mr. Eaton, who stood near him, he said,

"Miss Sumner plays and sings admirably; and it takes me by surprize, for though her manners are polished and gentle, I had in some way formed the opinion, that her education was very imperfect."

"It is far otherwise," said Mr. Eaton. "Until the death of her mother, which took place not much more than two years ago, she always attended the



best schools, and in music, the French language, and studies of that kind, she took lessons of the first masters. But this that you have heard is by no means her best performance. You must hear her play and sing 'The Captive Knight.' She feels that song, both the music and words, more than any other person I have heard perform it."

As he finished speaking, he made his way to the piano, and made the request for his favourite song, which was readily granted.

Mr. Parks did not leave his station, but he listened with fixed attention. The combined effect of the music and the words was thrilling; at times almost painful. He was standing in deep abstraction, when his friend rejoined him, after the song was concluded, and abruptly asked,

"Does she not play and sing it admirably?"

Mr. Parks started, for the last sad notes seemed still lingering on his ear, and he laconically answered, "Inimitably!"

"Just as every one should perform it, who makes the attempt," said Mr. Eaton. "No one ought ever to meddle with that song, who has not a head to comprehend and a heart to feel it."

Mrs. Berry's party passed off much like other parties. There was about the same amount of conversation, compliment, flattery, nonsense, sarcasm, envy, display, eating and drinking, as is usual on such occasions; and at the fashionable hour the company dispersed. On his way home, Mr. Parks very naturally reviewed the evening; and he thought he had *rarely* seen so interesting a young lady as Miss Sumner; *seldom* one who, in vivacity and humour, excelled Diana Berry; and *never* one who, at all times, and in all situations, appeared with such dignity, such elegant propriety as Lucretia.

Not long after the evening of Mrs. Berry's *soirée*, it so chanced that Mr. Parks was in the shop of Mr. Berry two or three times in the course of a week; and at each of those times Mary Sumner was absent. The uncle looked more weary and care-worn even than he ordinarily did; so much so that, at his third call, Mr. Parks made some remark on the subject.

"I have a sick daughter, sir," said Mr. Berry.

"And with a new anxiety, you have an increase of labour. Latterly you seem to be alone," said Mr. Parks.

"My niece," said Mr. Berry, "always seeks the post where she is most needed—can do the most good—administer the most comfort. She is now constantly with my daughter."

The conversation between the two gentlemen proceeded, and at length Mr. Parks made some observation concerning the sacrifice it must be, for a young lady of Miss Sumner's accomplishments, to engage in active business, thereby relinquishing all opportunity for intellectual cultivation.

"Those persons who have a thirst for knowledge, will find time to acquire it, sir," said Mr. Berry; and as he spoke he opened a drawer near which he was standing, which was filled with books.

"This," said he, "is my niece's library. We are not at all hours of the day crowded with customers; and in the course of the week, Mary finds more time to read than many young ladies of my acquaintance can redeem from the labours of the toilet, though the embellishment of their persons is their only *business*." He sighed deeply as he finished speaking, and in such a manner as led his auditor to suspect that some personal trial gave rise to his remark.

"Your niece is a treasure to you, sir," said Mr. Parks.

"One of the greatest ever bestowed on me by the Giver of all good," said Mr. Berry, while his countenance betrayed deep feeling; "but I must not talk of her; for though I could hardly do her more than justice, yet should I freely express my thoughts, it would sound to the ear of a listener like extravagant commendation."

Mr. Parks was interested. This was the only time, except for a few minutes at the *rich* Mrs. Berry's party, in which he had seen his commercial friend in any other character than that of a vender of goods. He designed to draw him on to talk more of Mary; but a customer came in, and as his purpose was defeated, he withdrew.

In the course of the same day he called at Mrs. Berry's. It was a parting visit, as he was to leave town the next morning, to be absent two or three weeks. When he was ushered into the parlour by a servant, he found Miss Berry at the piano, practising a song which he himself had recommended to her notice. He felt pleased, flattered, particularly at the deep and conscious blush which suffused her cheek, when she turned her head at the sound of footsteps, and met his eye. He begged her not to be interrupted by his entrance. Music was just what he needed. He was to leave town the next day, and he could never part from friends, in a world so full of vicissitudes, without painful sensations; music would at once soothe and cheer him.

He made a long call, longer than he would have done, had he not found Miss Berry quite alone. Her conversation entertained, her music charmed him; and had he not have been by nature a reserved man, he probably would have uttered some things bordering on the tender. Miss Berry pleased him. Her person was very agreeable to his taste; her manners were elegant; she was accomplished, at least in the ordinary acceptation of the term; and the rectitude of her principles he inferred, not only from her conversation, but from her selection of books. During the whole of his visit, there was a constant struggle betwixt his natural reserve and his inclination to express the admiration with which she inspired him. Particularly warm was the conflict, when at the moment of parting they stood near a beautiful myrtle. He laid his finger on a branch, was on the point of breaking it off, and presenting it with a suitable remark concerning the similitude between its unfading verdure, and unchanging regard; he was on the point of doing this, and of

begging a branch in return; but, *reserve* gained the victory, and he went away an unpledged man.

Mr. Parks had gone but a few rods from the house, and his thoughts were still full of Miss Berry, when he met Mary Sumner. She was walking as if in great haste. Her cheek was flushed by exercise, but on her brow was an expression of sadness and anxiety. Notwithstanding the occupation of his thoughts, an appearance so unwonted on that bright and cheerful face, brought back to his memory the intelligence he had that morning received from her uncle; he stopped to inquire after the health of her cousin, but she passed him so quickly, that he had time only to say, "Good evening."

This casual meeting with Miss Sumner seemed to break the current of his thoughts, and led him anew to contrast the situation of herself and her uncle with that of their more highly favoured relatives. The one family seemed to know nothing but ease, health, peace and prosperity; while the other was singled out for a variety of discipline. Much as his admiration was awakened, nearly as it approached to love, for the favoured daughter of fortune, all his sympathies were alive for the uncomplaining sufferers. He went on his way, repeating mentally,—"The ways of Providence are dark and intricate; but that which we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

Mr. Parks was absent from town three weeks. The day after his return, as he was passing Mr. Berry's shop, the thought of his daughter's illness recurred to his mind, and he went in to inquire after her health. Miss Sumner, alone, was behind the counter; and her pale and melancholy countenance, and mourning garb, answered the question he was about to propose. He had met this young lady but once in company; but he had so often seen her in the shop, that he felt her to be an acquaintance. After making the compliments of the morning, he remarked,

"Your dress, Miss Sumner, unfolds a tale of sorrow. Your labour of love was unavailing."

Mary bowed assent.

"The loss of friends," continued Mr. Parks, "is the most hopeless, the most heart-rending of all afflictions. Whatever favourable changes may take place in our condition, nothing can restore to us the departed ones."

"*Hopeless*, indeed, is our personal loss, our personal sorrow," said Miss Sumner; "but amid it all, there is an unspeakable joy in the transition of a dear friend from earth to Heaven!"

"Unquestionably; and from your remark I must suppose that your cousin left this world in the bright anticipation of a better."

"Emphatically so. For ourselves, we *must* mourn the loss of one so dear and so good; but when I think only of her; that her many trials and sorrows are over; that all her tears are for ever wiped away, I feel a degree of gratitude that I cannot express."

"Does your uncle participate in these feelings?"

"Not so much as I could wish. He was not as familiar with his daughter's causes of sorrow as I was, and therefore cannot as heartily rejoice at her release from them. He is well-nigh overwhelmed by his loss."

"Does the depth of his affliction constrain him to leave you to perform the labours of the shop alone?"

"O no; he never indulges himself at the expense of others; but he is so lost in grief, that I persuade him, when possible, to leave me by myself."

"And do you not find it irksome to return to these duties, after such scenes as you have recently passed through?"

"Not more so than all other *trivial things*. Indeed, Mr. Parks, I feel it to be almost fearful to live in a world like this, made up of such incongruities! Mortal, and immortal, our time, our attention, even our affections, are divided between things of eternal moment, and those that pass away like a shadow."

"It is a happiness, however," said Mr. Parks, "that even the most apparently trivial things of earth may be made subservient to our eternal interests."

"It is a happiness indeed; yet all these things appear so trivial after attending at the bedside of a dying believer, that it is difficult to realize their actual importance. Yet my dear cousin, in her last days, often spoke of our worldly employments somewhat as you have just done; or, at least, she said that they need not, necessarily, lead us to forget and neglect things of higher importance. She once instanced the prophet Daniel, who, though prime minister of a vast empire, found ample time to worship his Creator; and I shall never forget how she looked when she added—'Daniel opened his window toward Jerusalem to pray: happy are we that we can open no window from whence we may not look toward Heaven!'"

Before Mr. Parks had time to reply several young ladies came in, and soon after he retired.

His first leisure hour he devoted to Mrs. Berry and her daughters. Unfortunately, as he deemed it, he found them in the midst of a group of visitors. Whenever we have a new interest awakened in the heart, in a person, or family, we become tenacious of their exclusive society; and to find their attention divided betwixt ourselves and others tends to make us formal and reserved. Mr. Parks was little more than a looker-on for the short time that he remained in Mrs. Berry's parlour; but he was pleased to notice that that lady and her daughters paid the customary tribute of respect to their deceased relative, by assuming the habiliments of mourning. There was, too, a change in their manner. True, there was no appearance of sorrow—of grief—except, perhaps, on the countenance of Diana; but there was a seriousness, a gravity that was quite new; something which showed that the feelings were chastened. All this pleased him; and still more was he pleased by the answer of Lucretia, when he asked her, apart, if he should meet her at Mrs. —'s party in the evening.

"O no," was her reply, "you know we have very recently lost a friend!"

This decorum—this regard to the proprieties of life—this delicacy for the feelings of the afflicted, comported exactly with the views of Mr. Parks—with his sense of what was right. He went away reflecting on what he had heard and seen. He was gratified to see the Miss Berrys in a new position; gratified, that in every position, their deportment was such as he approved. Hitherto, all that he had learned of them served to increase his *general* approbation, his *particular* regard.

One day, as Mr. Parks and Mr. Eaton were walking together, the latter made some remark concerning Diana Berry.

"I have long looked on that young lady as your future wife," said Mr. Parks.

"What could put such a thought in your head?" asked his friend; "but rest assured you are mistaken: it will never be."

"Why not? do you not like her?"

"Yes," was the frank reply, "I like her better than any young lady in the world. I think her peculiarly amiable and interesting—to me, fascinating; nevertheless, I should not dare to marry her. To speak honestly, like her as well as I may, I have no taste for becoming a slave!"

"Not dare to marry her? How do you mean?" asked Mr. Parks, who seemed not to have heard what his friend last said.

"I mean," was the answer, "that with her habits, her notions, and brought up as she has been, my income must be altogether inadequate to the demands that would be made on it."

"But with her fortune added to yours," said Mr. Parks, "I should think that every reasonable wish could be gratified."

"Her fortune!" exclaimed his friend with evident surprise.

"Has she not a fortune?" asked Mr. Parks, "or is the property all the mother's? But even if this last is the case, should Mrs. Berry have a daughter married, she would unquestionably endow her well."

"Mrs. Berry! The property all the mother's!" repeated the astonished Eaton. "In the name of wonder, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," replied Mr. Parks. "I have always supposed—for perhaps I never heard anything said about it—that Mrs. Berry was *rich*; for I cannot conceive how an establishment like hers could be supported by a *poor* widow."

"By a poor *widow*—no, nor any one else!" said Mr. Eaton, laughing. "But who told you that Mrs. Berry was a widow?"

"From your question, I suppose *no one*," said Mr. Parks looking up with more visible astonishment than he often betrayed; "yet as I have never heard either Mrs. Berry, or any one else, speak of her husband; nor the daughters, nor any other person, speak of their father, I knew not that my conclusion was so *very* extraordinary!"

"This comes," said Mr. Eaton laughing heartily at his friend's amazement, which was not unmingled with chagrin—"this comes of your wise habit of never asking questions about people. A pretty *scrape* you might have been drawn into! And so you did not know that the Mr. Berry who keeps the variety store in ——— street, where you have so often been, was the husband of *our* Mrs. Berry, and the father of Lucretia and Diana?"

"Most assuredly I did not! and how could I!—I have never seen the slightest intercourse between them—never met him at the house, except on the evening when the whole town was there. And you, Mr. Eaton, must be mistaken, for the Mr. Berry of ——— street has just lost a daughter!"

"Most certainly he has; but why does that render it improbable that he is Mrs. Berry's husband?"

"You do not mean to intimate," said Mr. Parks, "that Mrs. Berry has lost a daughter, and the young ladies a sister?"

"I mean to *assert*," was his friend's answer, "that Mrs. Berry has lost a *step-daughter*, and the young ladies a *half-sister*."

The amazement of Mr. Parks continued every moment to increase. "Then you *do* assert," said he, "that *that* Mr. Berry is the husband of her, whom I supposed a widow; and that *his* indefatigable toil, *his* unceasing labour, supports the style I have witnessed at her house?"

"I *do* assert it," answered Mr. Eaton; "and I also assert that the deceased daughter was doomed to labour as severe as her father's. Perhaps you can now understand why I *dare* not marry Diana—why I said I had no taste for becoming a slave!"

"And the poor dependent niece," said Mr. Parks pursuing his own train of thought without answering his friend; "it seems that she, too, is doomed to a life of toil, that the others may repose in elegant idleness!"

"The dependent niece! Do you mean Mary Sumner?" asked Mr. Eaton.

"Who else could I mean?" said Mr. Parks. "But pray," continued he, in a tone that betrayed some little impatience—"pray repeat no more of my words, but tell me at once something about this strange family."

"I will," said Mr. Eaton, "because for so *intimate* an acquaintance, your ignorance is truly wonderful. The family, however, is no more strange than hundreds of other families in our country, where the husband and father drudges on in perpetual servitude, that his family may live in *elegant idleness*, as you call it. But to my story: Mr. Berry married his present wife, when Elizabeth, then his only child, was nine or ten years old. Mrs. Berry was and is just like a whole host of other women; good-tempered enough, if nothing crosses her will; and kind-hearted enough, if nothing comes in contact with her selfishness. I have heard my mother say that until she had daughters of her own, she treated Elizabeth passably well; but from that period, till the children no longer needed care of that kind, she was an overwrought nursery-maid."

"Where was her father?" demanded Mr. Parks indignantly.

"Attending to his business," answered his friend; "and Elizabeth was a sweet-tempered, uncomplaining child. But don't interrupt me. When the little misses were old enough to go to school, Elizabeth was permitted to go also; for from the period of Lucretia's birth, there had been almost an entire suspension of her school education. This, however, did not last long; for her mother found her so *very* useful at home, that she could not spare her. From that time to the period of her last sickness, she was as faithful a domestic drudge, as any family was ever blest with, filling all offices by turns—seamstress, laundress, chamber-maid, cook and nurse."

"I can respect Mr. Berry no longer!" exclaimed Mr. Parks.

"You must and will," said Mr. Eaton, "for he is every way worthy of respect. The fact was, his daughter never complained, and he suffered himself to be hoodwinked. Hearing of no unkind or unreasonable usage, he suspected none."

"He could not be ignorant," said Mr. Parks, "that she filled only the place of an upper servant from her being excluded from society!"

"She was not excluded from society," said Mr. Eaton. "For the gay and fashionable circle in which her mother and sisters moved, she had little relish; but her associates were among the first, both in respectability and rank."

"But she had no education," remarked Mr. Parks.

"Her mind was much more highly cultivated than either Lucretia's or Diana's," said Mr. Eaton. "All the leisure time she had was devoted to this object, instead of being spent in the acquisition of showy accomplishments, adorning her person, or in gay society. Mrs. Berry designed that *her* daughters should have finished educations; but she fell into the mistake which is so common to vulgar minds, that usefulness and gentility are incompatible; consequently, the education of the young ladies is far more brilliant than solid."

"With Mrs. Berry I have never been particularly pleased," said Mr. Parks; "but with such a mother as you describe her to be, I cannot understand how the daughters ever became what they are—so amiable, and so well principled."

"The *instincts* of Diana," Mr. Eaton replied, "were all of an amiable character; and she yielded herself in some degree to the influence of her sister Elizabeth. Yet after all, she is the child of *impulse* rather than principle; and notwithstanding all her attractions, she is the most useless creature alive."

"But from whence came the superiority of Lucretia?" inquired Mr. Parks.

"Superiority in what?" demanded his friend.

"In principle, and in both elegant and useful mental acquisitions," replied Mr. Parks.

Mr. Eaton hesitated awhile, and then looking his friend full in the face, said—"Do you wish me

to speak the whole truth? or are you too much in love to bear it?"

"Were I ever so much in love," answered Mr. Parks, "the *truth* is just what I should wish to learn."

"Well then, I will speak freely. And I think that away from her mother and sister, and under a good influence, Diana Berry might yet make a very valuable, as well as lovely woman; but Lucretia, never! She is past all hope; a perfect compound of artifice, deceit, arrogance and selfishness!"

Mr. Parks started as if stung by a viper. "Do you mean what you say?" he inquired.

"I not only *mean* what I say, but *know* that I say truth. Her only principle of action, is to secure her own ease, her own advantage, and to attain her own ends, let who will suffer. Pride and selfishness are her dominant passions; and to gratify these, all her artifice and deceit are called into exercise. You know nothing of what she *is* by what she *appears*, beyond the mere externals."

For some time the friends walked on in silence; but Mr. Parks at length said—

"All this time you have told me nothing of Mary Sumner."

"All about her is soon told. Her mother, who was Mr. Berry's sister, died two or three years since, and left her, an only child, under the care of her uncle, with a property valued at two or three thousand dollars. She went to reside in her uncle's family; and as Mrs. Berry understands making every one's daughters useful except her own, she found it very convenient to send Mary, who is some two years younger than Diana, of all sorts of errands, especially to the store. By this means, Mary attained the knowledge of Mr. Berry's incessant labour; and frequently when she was in the shop, would assist him in folding goods, and services of that kind. Occasionally, as she became a little acquainted with the business, she would wait on a customer; until at length she became her uncle's regular assistant. Mr. Berry never felt able to keep a clerk, and Mary's heart ached when she witnessed his unremitting toil. Beside this, she loved him very tenderly; and to be always near him was a reward for her labour. I have been told by those who knew the fact, that at first she tried hard to share with Elizabeth in her labours; but her cousin peremptorily said—No. If she once took on herself any household employment she would escape from it, only by marriage or death!"

"Poor Elizabeth!" said Mr. Parks. "I am heartily glad she has received her own discharge!"

Again the friends walked on in silence, and again the silence was broken by Mr. Parks, who said—

"Your opinion of Lucretia Berry, my friend, must be the result of prejudice. Her choice of books proves her taste and her principles. In this rule I have never been mistaken."

"And what kind of reading does she prefer?" asked Mr. Eaton.

Mr. Parks mentioned the works in which he had

seen her engaged, and which were always lying near her, ready for use.

"Snarcs, gins, and traps, my dear fellow; rely on it!" said Mr. Eaton. "I question," he added, "whether she has read a hundred pages, except light poetry, and lighter novels, until within a few months past, since she emerged from the school-room. And so well do I know her, that I would not fear to bet my right hand, that these very hooks were displayed to entrap a friend of mine, whose name I will not mention!"

"But," pursued Mr. Parks, "her manner is perfectly consistent with the principles I have heard her express. How will you account for this?"

"Did I not tell you, in the outset, of the depth of her artifice?" said Mr. Eaton. "She is thorough. There is a precision, a circumspection about her, very unusual. I must grant, that Lucretia Berry sins with greater *decorum* than any young lady I ever knew! She never forgets *Lucretia Berry* for a single instant. Gay or sad, pleased or displeased, frowning or smiling, sociable or reserved, all—all is done for effect. But, my friend," he added seriously, "you need not take *my* word concerning her *real* character. Study her for yourself; yet be not in haste to betray an attachment toward her, even if you feel it. In a matter of so much consequence, you should take ample time to be satisfied, whether her principles are, or are not, such as you have supposed them to be." With this the friends parted.

When Mr. Parks had time for calm reflection, he found that the principles of Miss Berry, even if such as he had heard her declare, must be *theoretical* rather than *practical*. The very mistakes into which he had fallen, spoke volumes against her. The longer he thought, the more he compared and investigated, the more fully was he convinced that his friend had spoken only the truth. The recollection of one circumstance struck him forcibly. Elizabeth Berry was ill, when he made his parting call at Mr. Berry's, previous to his journey; but there was Lucretia, bright, cheerful, happy as usual, pursuing her own pleasures, while her sister was lying sick—sick unto death! The mask was torn away, and Mr. Parks was a free man.

It might be some four or five weeks after the preceding conversation between the two friends, that the following short dialogue took place between Lucretia Berry and her sister. The former was sitting by her work-table, and the latter standing near, took up a book that was lying upon it. It was a volume of Moore's poetry.

"So you have done studying Milton, and returned to Moore!" said Diana. Successively she looked at the three or four books that lay on the table. "Practical Piety, too," she added, "has retreated to its former hiding place; and Fenelon has gone to bear it company! By the way, Lu., what has become of Mr. Parks. He has not been here for an age!"

"You had better ask him why he has left calling on us," said Lucretia, with a peculiar smile, and a look of much meaning.

Diana looked steadily at her sister for a minute, and then said—"Now Lucretia, you need not try to make me believe that you have *forsook* Mr. Parks away, for I know better. You strove to engage him with all your power, and I am sorry you did not succeed, for I like him exceedingly well. But for some cause or other, he has taken himself off."

"I repeat it," said Lucretia, with precisely the same look as before, "you had better ask Mr. Parks himself the reason of his neglect."

"Lu., you are *too* bad!" exclaimed Diana. "You deceive half the world, but you never yet deceived me. But I will know for certainty the *true* cause why Parks stays away; for I have promised to walk with Willie Eaton this afternoon, and I will ask him."

Lucretia's countenance instantly grew black as midnight. Shutting her teeth firmly together, while her eyes flashed lightning, she said—"Diana Berry, if you breathe a syllable to Mr. Eaton, that bears the shadow of resemblance to the conversation we have just had, I will be revenged on you, if I die the next hour!"

"Don't be angry, Lu.," said Diana, "nor think to gain anything by threatening. I have too much regard for my family, to say or do anything that will disgrace it; but it *does* vex me, to have you suppose you can *look* me into the belief of an untruth. As I said before, you strove to engage Mr. Parks with all your power; and for *your* sake, for *my* sake, for our *father's* sake, I am truly sorry your arts did not succeed; but for some reason, the gentleman is off. Perhaps," she added laughing, as she turned to leave the room, "he may have learned in some way or other that *Practical Piety* and the *Bible* have not been your *favourite* studies from childhood!"

Elizabeth Berry was taken from her friends in the spring; and it was not until September that Mrs. Berry made any formal complaint, relative to a deficiency of servants. Then, one day at the dinner-table, she commenced the attack on her husband.

"Mr. Berry, I have toiled and contrived every way, through this long summer, to save you from any additional expense; but I can get along no longer in this manner; another servant we *must* have."

"Another servant!" said Mr. Berry. "Why is another servant necessary? The family is surely no larger than it has been; then why cannot the same number of hands perform the labour as formerly? Have you, my dear, been called on to do more than usual?"

"Indeed I have," answered Mrs. Berry. "Few ladies would submit to go through with what I have had to bear, through this whole season!"

"Then you must divide your care and labour

with your daughters," said the husband; "it will do them good, and fit them to be better wives."

"My daughters!" exclaimed Mrs. Berry. "Never, with my consent! I am astonished, Mr. Berry, you can mention anything so derogatory to yourself, and to them! Observe their hands! Do they look as if made for labour?"

"Would useful employment be more derogatory to them than to their father! or than it was to their elder sister?" asked Mr. Berry, in a voice that betrayed painful emotion. "Are *their* hands better than those that are now mouldering in the grave! You did not think them too good, or too fair, to labour!"

"Elizabeth was *used* to it!" said Mrs. Berry; "and beside she never played the piano. Really Mr. Berry, I am amazed that you can talk in this way! You seem to think my feelings are incapable of being hurt!"

"I did not mean to offend you, my dear," said Mr. Berry; "but it is impossible for me to permit my family expenses to increase."

"Then you must give Mary up to me," said Mrs. Berry. "You have now had her assistance for more than a year; and can find no fault if I claim my turn."

Mr. Berry's face expressed the deepest mortification at this manifestation of his wife's egregious, though evidently unconscious, selfishness, as he said—"Mary, you know, plays the piano; and so far as I can perceive, her hands look quite as unfit for labour as either Lucretia's or Diana's. However," he added, while a faint smile played about his mouth, "if you can get her consent, I will not object. What say you, Mary? Will your engagements admit of your complying with your aunt's proposition?"

Mary blushed, looked down, but remained silent.

"Get her consent!" repeated Mrs. Berry. "Why should you doubt that she will be as willing to assist me as yourself?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Berry, "it will not be convenient for her to help either of us much longer."

"How teasing you are, Mr. Berry! What do you mean by such hints?"

"What *do* you mean, father?" said Diana.

"Simply this; that I believe Mary thinks of being married before a great while. Yesterday a letter was left on my counter by a gentleman, asking my consent to such a measure."

"Going to be married!" cried Mrs. Berry; "and to whom, father?" asked Diana, at the same moment; while Lucretia bridled, and maintained a haughty silence.

"To your highly esteemed acquaintance, Mr. Parks," said Mr. Berry, in answer to Diana's question.

The cheeks, the neck, the brow of Lucretia were crimson at the announcement; while Diana exclaimed—

"Mr. Parks! Oh, how glad I am! Then we shall have him in the family, after all! Cousin Mary, I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"You have done well, Mary!" said Mrs. Berry, but in a manner that did not express unqualified satisfaction. "And so," she added, after a momentary pause, "instead of having help, we are to have the expense and *fuss* of a wedding, I suppose?"

"Surely, my dear," said Mr. Berry, "we shall not esteem it a *trouble*; and as to the *expense*, it must be great indeed, if it does not still leave us greatly indebted to Mary!"

"Should such an event occur, aunt," said Mary, "all the arrangements shall be made, with the view of putting you to the least possible inconvenience; the expense will, of course, be all my own."

"Yes," said Lucretia, with an indescribable curl of the lip—"Mary has property of her own; and a thousand or two of dollars is of some consequence to a young man, who happens to be the son of a miser!"

"My daughter!" said Mr. Berry, in as stern a manner as it was in his nature to assume; while Diana whispered to her cousin—"How very sharp *sour grapes* make poor Lucretia's teeth!"

On a bright day in November, the union of Mr. Parks and Miss Sumner was consummated. The marriage ceremony was performed in the morning, as the happy bridegroom wished to start as early as possible on a journey to visit his parents, and present to them his bride. Mary liked the arrangement, as it saved her aunt all trouble; and the bridal favours she presented, made the wedding anything rather than a *losing* concern to Mrs. Berry.

The carriage, which was to convey away the youthful pair, was at the door; and Diana hung about her cousin, assisting her in preparing to step into it. There was "a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye," as she repeated her good wishes, and expressed her tender regrets at losing one, who had been so kind, so good, so generous to them all. Diana really looked and appeared very interestingly.

"Did I not tell you," said Eaton, who was present, the only guest invited by Mr. Parks—"did I not tell you," said he, in a low tone, as he touched his friend's elbow, "that she is made of the right material? that she is still capable of becoming a truly lovely and *valuable* woman!"

About two years after the marriage of Mary Sumner, Mrs. Berry became not indeed a *rich*, but a *poor* widow. It was altogether an unlooked-for calamity. She had never remembered that her husband was mortal; never imagined a period when he would be unable to toil, to gratify her wishes, and supply her wants. She was left nearly destitute. Not a farthing that Mr. Berry owed any one, was left unpaid; but after the debts were discharged, little remained for the wife and two daughters.

Did the double calamity that had fallen on the widow open her eyes to her former improvident and injudicious management, or to her real unkind-

ness to her husband? Not in the least. She murmured, she fretted, against every one but herself, and her daughters. To the pious heart it was shocking to hear her speak of the Providence that had bereft her; to the friends of her deceased husband, it was nearly intolerable to hear her *virtually* reproach his memory, for not leaving her amply endowed.

"I cannot sympathize with your aunt, my dear Mary," said Mr. Parks; "I cannot even pity her. So far as it was in her power to do it, she degraded your excellent uncle to the condition of a bondman! Much as I mourn his death, on your account and on my own, I rejoice that he is removed to a world where the pride, the folly, the selfishness of a wife can no longer cause care to sit on his brow, nor anxiety to corrode his heart. So far as she is concerned, I feel that she is meeting her just reward."

"What will become of her?" said the weeping Mary.

"I know not," replied her husband. "For the wealth of the world, I would not have her an inmate in my family. Our dear domestic happiness must be the sacrifice."

"Nor my cousins neither?" asked the tender-hearted, sympathizing, self-sacrificing wife.

"Not Lucretia, for the wealth of *two* worlds," said Mr. Parks with energy. "But if you wish it, my dear wife; if in any way it will be a comfort, a consolation to you, we will invite Diana to make her home with us."

"Oh, how much I thank you," said Mary. "I love Diana for her own sake; but independently of that, for the sake of my dear uncle, I would do anything in my power to make those happy who laid so heavily on his heart."

Agreeably to this plan, Diana Berry was invited to make the house of Mr. Parks her home; an invitation which was gladly, and gratefully accepted. Mrs. Berry quartered herself on a brother, who could ill afford such an addition to his family; but who, if he could not so far overcome her habits as to make her useful, determined that she should give him no expense that was avoidable. Lucretia, like the Levite of Bethlehem-Judah, went "where she could find a place," provided always, that it was among the wealthy, or at least, the fashionable. But everywhere she was considered a trial, a tax, a burden; and *each* friend was happy to relinquish her society to *any other* friend who might request it.

One day Mr. Parks chanced to meet his friend Eaton, and after the usual commonplaces, the latter said—"Diana Berry has now been an inmate

in your family for some time. What do you think of her?"

"I think her," answered Mr. Parks, "a very lovely and interesting woman."

"Truly?"

"Truly. Both Mary and myself love her as we should love a sister. And she is not only lovely and interesting; she is a *valuable* and *useful* member of our family."

"Then," said Mr. Eaton with animation, "I will rob you of her as soon as I can!"

"You will rob us of a highly valued treasure," said Mr. Parks—"nevertheless, I heartily wish you success."

"I *shall* succeed," said Mr. Eaton. "I have loved Diana for years; loved her exclusively; and I think my affection is returned. I feared to marry her, as you know; but now that she has had opportunity to see the management of a family of the right stamp; one in which the wife feels honoured by the respect with which she regards her husband, and seeks her own happiness in promoting his—now that she has learned that true elegance, refinement, and gentility, are perfectly consistent with useful employment; I will follow the dictates of my heart, and offer her all I have to bestow. Soon, *very* soon, my friend," he added, "I will quit this solitary life of a bachelor, and try to have a fireside of my own, quiet as yours, and cheered by the smiles of an amiable, sympathizing, and useful wife!"

"May all your cheerful anticipations be fully realized," said Mr. Parks, "for they are *reasonable*. Youth, in the first flush of passion, with an imagination all sunshine, may think it the height of felicity to have a lovely, helpless creature, clinging to him, and looking up to him alone for protection and happiness; but in attempting to realize his beautiful vision, he too often finds that his peace, his comfort, and his usefulness are destroyed. Instead of a sunbeam at his side, to gild his path through the journey of life, he finds he has a clog, constantly to fetter and annoy him. Life is made up of stern realities; and man in this 'working day world,' needs a companion, a friend, oftentimes a counsellor. His wife should be one, who would be willing to share his cares, as well as his joys; to participate in his labours, as well as in his recreations. Such an one is my own Mary; such an one, I doubt not, the object of your attachment will prove to be; I doubt not she will well deserve that *comprehensive* and honourable appellation, a *good wife*."



## MUSICAL THOUGHTS.

*Ladies' Garland and Family Wreath Embracing Tales, Sketches, Incidents, History, Poetry, Music, e...* Jun 1842; 5, 12;  
American Periodicals  
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## MUSICAL THOUGHTS.

There is no standard of tone or pitch among musical men, and there is no certainty that that which is called the note C now, shall not be called D or E in time to come. It may be said, that we have tuning-forks, and they are standards. Still we are in a great dilemma to get a standard of tone, or pitch in music. Tuning-forks seldom agree in the tone, and the pitch of a tuning-fork will be made lower by heat and higher by cold. Supposing two celebrated violin players were tuning their instruments together, if one had kept his pitch-key in his waistcoat pocket, and the other in his coat pocket, one violin would be screwed up higher than the other. Tuning-forks would not be put inconveniently out of tune by being carried in the pocket. But to such a degree have notes altered, that what was C two hundred years ago, is now B flat. The great bell of London, we are told, is marked C, and it is now B flat. The great bell of Lincoln, the oldest in England, is also marked C, and it is now A. The pitch of the bell is not sunk, but the pitch of the musicians has increased, and there is no reason why they should not keep screw-

ing up their instruments till they alter the note C still farther, till C corresponds to the D or the E of the present scale. This is very inconvenient both in vocal and instrumental performances, as the instruments made twenty years ago are now quite out of tune. The instruments of this country are screwed up half a tone higher than in Italy. This is the reason why Italian singers when they first come here, cannot sing; they attribute it to the atmosphere and other fanciful causes, when the true reason is, that the instruments in this country are higher than those in Italy. It may be asked, how can this alteration in pitch be prevented. By employing a tonometer, a measurer of tone, in conjunction with a thermometer and barometer. We must take air of a certain pressure, for example, 60 degrees of the barometer. The tonometer must then be set in motion until, by means of the hands travelling over the dials, we can ascertain that there have been 240 openings of the holes in the instrument, when the note C, the middle C of the piano, will be sounded.

Original.

## ON DILIGENCE.

It is natural to abhor a lazy being. Even the indolent detest in others what they indulge in themselves. We cannot tolerate a lazy brute. There are reasons for this spontaneous and almost universal hatred of idleness. What are they?

Idleness is the parent of ignorance. We know that knowledge is not acquired without labor. We are directed, therefore, to seek for wisdom as for hid treasure. The indolent, averse as they are from study, grow up with unfurnished minds, and when they come to years, are children in understanding. The imagination is always more or less active; for the soul, in some of its faculties, must exert its immortal energies. It must busy itself, whether we will or no. It cannot cease from efforts of some sort, either useful or injurious, good or evil. Not being directed to that which is profitable, it becomes a deformed spirit, destitute of the graces and accomplishments of science.

Idleness is the parent of wickedness. Virtue requires that we pursue some innocent end, as our own support, or that of a family, if circumstances require it; if not, then the good and happiness of our fellow men. The diligent are tempted by one, the indolent by a legion of devils. Temptations will generally multiply in proportion to the leisure which we indulge in. This is inevitable; for as the mind cannot be unoccupied, unless we employ it in the pursuits of virtue, it will set itself on plotting evil. Let us be always busy, then, in devising or executing some scheme of benevolence. Let us accustom ourselves to toil as a

preservative from temptation; for however severe may be the toil of our chosen vocation, it cannot be so irksome as resistance to pressing temptation, nor so painful as the consequences of yielding to its power. We should never forget that industry is a great help to virtue, and that its opposite is the patron of all vice.

Indolence drives us into evil company. The industrious will not assort with the idle. They cannot, without a change of habits; for they have not leisure. An idle person chooses not to be alone. He lothes his own company. And not being able to command the attentions of the diligent and the virtuous, he forms alliances with such, as like himself, have no business to employ them, and find time a heavy and intolerable burden.

Idleness brings want; not that every one must labor with the hands to procure the comforts of life, but he must employ himself some way. Even if born to a fortune, some degree of diligence will be requisite to preserve it. And he whom indolence renders poor is generally ripe for any wickedness. "I cannot dig," is his first resolve—"to beg I am ashamed," will be his second; next comes petty larceny, after that larger transgressions, and finally robbery, murder, and their sequences.

Laziness in woman is generally, if no worse, a guileful disposition. Not one time in a thousand will an indolent female be found a sincere, an honest woman. Amidst the dash and slop of a filthy kitchen, and a disordered drawing-room, you will find deceit and falsehood constant guests. Excuses as false as they are foolish will be attempted as soon as you enter her premises. And in efforts to blind you to her domestic faults, the idle woman often contracts the habit of deceiving, till it enters into all her conversation and behavior.

Industry rescues from many causes of uneasiness, saves from many hours of irksome reflection, hushes many turbulent passions, and guards against many destructive temptations. It tends to render us happy in ourselves, and useful to others, by relieving the necessities, teaching the ignorant, and assuaging the sorrows of the afflicted. The industry here spoken of regards our worldly avocations. Christian diligence is another thing. It is more noble in its aims, and is pressed upon us by higher and more solemn considerations. Its reward is supremely excellent and desirable, and to neglect it will bring upon us the greatest possible evil. If it be not unreasonable to labor for temporal good, how much more should we employ our energies to secure the approbation and smiles of God, the society of saints and angels, and an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away! In this high and holy calling we are especially warned to be diligent. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Happy are they who trust in God, not with a passive but with an active faith—a faith which rouses to humble effort, and induces the soul to use all diligence to make its calling and election sure. H.